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# THE MIRROR

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NO. 33

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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### "MARIUS THE EPICUREAN."

M. R. PATER'S novel with the title above is the subject of the essay called "A Golden Book," to appear in the next issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS. If the essay does no more than call to the attention of the reading public in this paper's field a piece of literature that reveals new beauties in the use of language, and gives a new light upon the way in which Christianity came to take hold on the Roman world, it will have fulfilled its purpose. The issues of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy. The series for a year, one every month, for 50 cents, payable in advance.

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## IS THE WORLD'S FAIR SMOTHERED?

THE MOVEMENT LOOKS, BADLY "QUEERED."

WHAT is being done throughout the State of Missouri to secure the passage of the Constitutional Amendment authorizing the City of St. Louis to invest \$5,000,000 in the World's Fair and to permit the State to appropriate \$1,000,000 for an exhibit?

If anything is being done to induce our rural friends to help the Fair with their votes, nobody hears of it.

Why are not distinguished St. Louisans out on the hustings hustling for the World's Fair proposition? Why are not the candidates on both State tickets calling attention to the World's Fair? Has St. Louis, as a community, no influence with either party? Have the spell-binders found that the people of the rural districts are opposed to the Fair and have they dodged the matter for fear of losing votes?

There are only five weeks remaining in which to push the work of securing the adoption of the Constitutional amendments. No political orator seems to be saying a word for them. The country press is silent upon the subject. Has the World's Fair Committee no influence in such a matter?

The MIRROR'S information is that the tendency in the State is to let the World's Fair amendments go hang. If there be no fight against this tendency the amendments will be lost. There will then be no World's Fair. It looks almost as if the lethargy and apathy on this subject are deliberate, with design to let the proposition down easy and let the projectors out of a difficult undertaking. The paralysis of the World's Fair movement in this respect is patent to everybody.

If the leading citizens of St. Louis want a World's Fair, they had better get a move on themselves. They had better send out good speakers of both parties to talk up the amendments. Likewise, they had better do something to move the citizens of St. Louis in favor of Charter amendments necessary to the carrying out of the World's Fair plans. They say the papers of St. Louis will shortly come out in a combined plea for the necessary amendments to Constitution and Charter. The World's Fair management is reminded that every paper in St. Louis urged the adoption of a Charter amendment providing for a small tax to be devoted to building a public library, and yet the amendment was beaten again and again.

Unless something be done to stir the people of State and city into support of the World's Fair amendments, we shall have no World's Fair. And with all due respect for the gentlemen identified with the World's Fair movement, it must be said, that the indications are that a failure of the State and city to adopt the necessary amendments for the providing of funds would come, to some of the promoters, and not the least noisy either, as a welcome relief.

Is the World's Fair being smothered by some of its professed promoters?

W. M. R.

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## "THE MASTER CHRISTIAN."

MARIE CORELLI'S LATEST FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL NOVEL.

[For the MIRROR.]

NO one in the world, or out of it, for that matter, could write the books that Marie Corelli writes. They are fearful and wonderful productions. To analyze them into their component parts would be a great task for a psychologist. Her latest work, "The Master Christian," (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is her style at its highest—or lowest. It is compounded of a little Madame Blavatsky, a little Miss Voynich, slabs of Tolstoi, chunks of G. W. M.

Reynolds, pinches of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, splashes of Laura Jean Libbey. The volume is a riot of raucous tones. "Monk" Lewis might possibly have done something in this vein, but he could not equal it though he had been trying ever since his famous novel caught the fancy of Byron. Miss Corelli has an imagination that is only less turgid than her language. She has ideas in such a bewildering abundance that they get tangled up and hopelessly clogged in one another. What is called "fine writin'" is Miss Corelli's forte. Her work is all purple patches, and there is never a pause in her intensity. All "problems" are her "meat," but her strong point is the theologically controversial. If there be a burning issue out of which this languageous lady does not take from four to forty "falls" in the course of her story, "The Master Christian," it is an issue that has not yet been sprung on the world. For heroes, heroines, villains and villainesses of pronounced and unrelieved goodness or badness Miss Corelli out-Ouidas Ouida. Her romanticism is absolutely devoid of any constraint. Her horrors and her homilies are inexhaustible. Her mysteries and her magniloquence are interminable. "The Master Christian" is a rococo-realistic romantic farrago of as verbose absurdity as ever was put between the covers of a book. Yet several hundred thousand copies of the book had been ordered for public consumption before the day of publication. The popularity of the Corelli literature is certainly the strongest indictment yet presented against the taste of an English reading public. Charlatanism is written all over this latest *chef d'oeuvre* from her pen.

"The Master Christian" would never have been written but for the success of Hall Caine's sloppy novel, "The Christian," the furore created by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's, "In His Steps," the powerful impression made by "The Gaddy." The book is built to sell. It is written with an overpowering copiousness. It is the rankest work of fiction ever palmed off on the public. None of the characters in her book ever lived "in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth." Her book is the nightmare of a religious crank. It is a jumble of poorly digested, artistic, economic, religious, social, and other notions spun out around characters that are the veriest automata fantastically named. Now you think you're reading a religious tract. Again, you feel that you are in the midst of a dime novel. And still again you are wading through a morass of passionate bathos. All smeared here and there with loud dabs of uncleanness. "The Master Christian" is a book you'll not forget. Its artistic falsity is colossal. The apparent sincerity of its motive is weirdly perverted into a monstrous belief in the diabolically infamous corruption of all the world but her bisque heroes and heroines. Spatter over all this Biblical quotations and namby pamby theology and puling humanitarianism, and you have a mixture that is almost as funny and almost as disgusting as the dishes in that "dinner of the ancients" in Smollet's novel.

Miss Corelli's latest masterpiece is an attack upon Christianity as it is practiced, and more especially upon Roman Catholic Christianity. She takes a view of the Roman Catholic church that is worthy of the stories told of the Borgias or of the accusations of cruelty, duplicity, avarice, lubricity, and absolute atheism made against the churchmen by some of the early reformers. Rome is an ante-room of Hell. There all virtue, honor, sincerity, truth, justice and human hope are made mock of. The Church is the Scarlet Woman of Revelations, in very earnest. For that matter, the world is a charnel-house filled with the victims of a spiritual plague. In every chapter Miss Corelli goes about tearing her hair and shrieking "Woe to Jerusalem!" There's an old pious cardinal who is a sort of saint. There's an absurdly impossible girl



artist. There are two distinguished social and religious reformers, one English, the other French. There's a male artist who is George Eliot's *Tito Melema* diluted to the requirements of the bowery drama. There's a French Marquis who is totally depraved and dies most melodramatically for the cause of virtue, at the hands of his illegitimate brother—who dies with him. There are priests of various sorts who are everything that anti-Catholicism could imagine, libertines and misers and generally moral monsters. About them all the plot continues to thicken until it can't be cut with an ax. Never did plotters plot so laboriously and so uproariously causelessly. Never was villainy more unrelieved or more sneering. The villains are villains because it's their regular business and they love to show their expertness. Even the Pope is a hoary old scoundrel who stops at nothing to prevent any possibility of the world coming into a knowledge of the pure, and most exalted, and most nebulous conception of Christianity *à la* Corelli. The Church is a conspiracy against the actual truth of Christ's teaching, a deliberate, malefic perversion of the plain words of the Saviour. The priests of the Most High are, except the old Cardinal *Bonpre*, servants of the devil and as ingeniously malevolent as ever they were conceived by the Italian who wrote the novel "Beatrice Cenci." And there is unceremoniously lugged in and out of the scenes, climaxes, homilies and omniscient disquisitions a wonderful boy, *Manuel* who, it is rather broadly suggested, is another avatar of Christ. This boy, a protege of the saintly Cardinal, talks the higher wisdom off-hand, without ever having learned to read, and after performing two miracles, if we include the wonderful recovery of *Angela Sovrani*, goes to the Vatican and confuses and confounds the Pope with his interpretation of the mission of Christianity, and finally disappears mysteriously just as the saintly old Cardinal dies before the Cross. There is a bad priest who in the very moment of confessing his sin is shot at by his illegitimate son in a fashionable church in Paris, and we are led to infer that the bullet was deflected by the miraculous power of *Manuel*. The wicked artist, *Florian Varillo*, stabs his sweetheart because she has painted a picture the work of which is masculine. The super-tragicomic situations are worked up on such flimsy assumptions and from such far-fetched motives that it is difficult to believe, in the reading, that one is not pursuing the development of a rhodomontade-burlesque. The combination of the shilling-shocker and the purpose-novel never has and never will result in a more grotesque production than "The Master Christian." The book is execrable art and it is also untrue to the conditions it pretends to describe.

The worst of it all is that Miss Corelli has considerable talent, such as it is; a talent that can handle a specious sort of logic so as to deceive the multitudes who read her books into a conviction that the world is like her picture of it. There is no disputing the vigor of her assault any more than its venom. Her plea for a literal application of the words of Christ to the conditions of the present time is not altogether without some force, fine fancy, poetic rapture, if somewhat too *coloratura*. That she is often floridly brilliant is very true, and there are times when her learning is of just that peculiar quality of misinformation which so appalled with its simulation of erudition the readers, some twenty years ago, of Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled." Miss Corelli wants "the millennium while you wait." In order to get it, unfortunately, she seems to think that the best means is to paint the world as immeasurably, indefinitely, almost infinitely worse than it is. Her attack upon the Roman Catholic church is rendered futile by its patent exaggerations, by its palpable preparation solely to feed the demand of the English anti-ritualists for something to revive the old antipathy to the Jesuits.

It were folly to declare that there are not true things in the book, just as it were idle to say that Miss Corelli has not a strange gift for a peculiar kind of effective writing. The book as a work of art or a controversial broadside is defective in that it utterly lacks restraint, or, let us say, balance. "The Master Christian" is a mad sort of an affair—a curiosity of literature, like all the other books by

Miss Corelli. But it is pernicious in the extreme and its tone and temper will do a great deal, among the semi-educated, to prevent the incoming of that Christian spirit of toleration and help and sympathy and love for which the fantastically gifted authoress professes to yearn so strenuously. "The Master Christian," to those who will take it as a sort of new gospel,—and unfortunately there are too many such—will make for bitterness and hate rather than for sweetness and affection in the world. Christianity may not be, as it is practiced by the churchmen, what Miss Corelli or many more of us think it should be, but the cause of true Christianity cannot be advanced by elaborately hyperbolized lying, and Miss Corelli's book depicts contemporaneous Christianity much baser than it is in any church or country under the sun. There is no excuse for misrepresenting even an imperfect phase of the practice of the creed of Christ. In this respect the Corelli Christianity is fully as un-Christian as the sort upon which she has let loose the flood-gates of her verbosity and the tornado of her swirling situations and cataclysmic climaxes.

Little.

### “FOR ST. LOUIS!”

A RALLYING CRY FOR REFORM.

**M**R. DANIEL M. HOUSER, chief owner of the *Globe-Democrat*, declares that he is not a candidate for the Republican nomination for Mayor of St. Louis, as the *MIRROR* announced last week. The declaration is gratefully received by St. Louis. Not that the city would not be proud to have Mr. Houser for Mayor, but because the city is rejoiced to understand that there is no identification of Mr. Houser's ambition with the desires of the organization now running the city government to retain its grip upon the municipality. Mr. Houser is an upright, honorable and widely respected citizen and could not be sympathetic with the present push at the City Hall, even though, as a strong party man, he may feel that it would ill-become him to give aid and comfort to the enemy by pointing out the defects in his party's system, or lack of system, in local administration.

Besides, St. Louis is unfortunate in the fact that it is looted by the machine men of both parties, its affairs as viciously administered by the local representatives of the State machine, via the police force and other State officials, as by the Ziegenheinverein and the Baumhoffbezirk. Mr. Houser thinks that to destroy Ziegenheinism and set up in its place Jefferson Clubism would be leaping from the frying pan into the fire. All thinking citizens agree upon that. But if Mr. Houser thinks that the municipal government of St. Louis can be reformed by electing any man, however personally reputable, through the work of the men who make up the Ziegenhein machine, he is mistaken. No man can accept the services of the machine in his nomination and election and then throw out of office the men who rendered the services. This applies as well to any reputable Democrat who might accept a Jefferson Club nomination.

While the local Republican misgovernment is bad there is a strong and valid reason why the people of St. Louis should refuse to turn the city over to the Democratic organization. That strong and valid reason is, that by turning the city over to the Democrats we would be turning it over to the State gang, with headquarters at Jefferson City, and destroying the last faint vestige of Home Rule. We should have the City Hall packed with men from the counties of the State just as the police force has been packed with the proteges of country politicians for whom there were no places in their own localities.

Mr. Daniel M. Houser, as a clear-sighted and phenomenally successful business man, and all men of ordinary intelligence, must perceive that, in the present condition of affairs in this city and State, there is no hope of securing efficient, economical, energetic administration of this city from either of the chief political organizations. The taxpayer sees this. The merchant sees it. The professional man sees it. The workingman in the labor organizations

sees it, for he remembers how politicians of both parties "played him for a sucker" during the recent street-car strike.

No person in St. Louis, outside of the Insane Asylum, or outside party machines, believes that one party in this city is better than another. They are both at the nadir of infamy.

We can balance Stephens with Ziegenhein; we can offset the Municipal Assembly's venality with the venality of the Legislature; we can put up the padded pay-rolls in the city departments against the padded pay-rolls of the Legislature's clerical force; we can find that if the Legislature authorized the consolidation of the street-car systems into a trust, the municipal assembly passed for coin the so-called North and South bill that facilitated, if it did not force, the consolidation. If the Republican municipal employees do not clean, sprinkle or pave the streets, or provide for city lighting, or cleanse the city's drinking water, or do one-tenth of the things they are paid for doing, we have only to turn to the *Post-Dispatch* revelations of the manner in which the Democratic police force fails to attempt to suppress all sorts of gambling to see that the parties are equally bad.

There is no choice between two such batches of representatives of the two great parties in this city. No man can secure a nomination from either batch except upon the tacit understanding that he will, if elected, provide for the members of the batch nominating him, as many jobs as possible with as big pay and as little work as possible.

There are evidences that the machines of both parties have an understanding. We see that the Republican machine is willing to elect Mr. James J. Butler to Congress, in consideration of the services of Mr. Butler's friends in electing the Republican city candidates and sacrificing Democratic candidates.

Shall we, therefore, admit that, against either gang and, on occasion, against both gangs, the people of this city are powerless? To declare, as the *Globe-Democrat* declares, that there is nothing to be hoped for from an independent reform movement, is to say that the forces of evil are not only numerically, but intellectually stronger, in a city like St. Louis, than the forces of good, that there are more citizens in favor of loot than there are in favor of honest government, that the majority would rather be robbed than be decently served by their public servants. To say such things is to deny the existence of any influence in life that can "make for righteousness."

The fact is, that the people of St. Louis are ready for a reform movement against both parties, next spring, and if it seem to some idle to talk of such a thing with a National election pending, it may be said that this reform movement must be agitated now in order that the people may not be so strongly committed to the party idea as to enter the municipal campaign under its influence.

The *MIRROR* maintains that the time is ripe for the organization of a St. Louis party. The city needs a party that will be for the city first, last and all the time. The party is needed now, in the present campaign, to concentrate effort, so far as possible, in carrying the World's Fair Constitutional and Charter Amendments, to elect the best candidates to the Legislature—that is to elect men who can secure from the country members some measure of Home Rule for this city.

The old parties are for the party workers. The citizens of St. Louis should unite to set both parties aside and secure relief from a system of misgovernment imposed at Jefferson City in contempt and hatred for the city, as well as from a crassly ignorant and cunningly corrupt local crew that has sneaked into office as the result of dissatisfaction with the hayseed government.

It is more important to every citizen of St. Louis that this should be a clean, beautiful, well administered city than that Republicans or Democrats should be in power. The city politicians do not care a tinker's dam for the issues in National politics. National issues should not influence people who are not politicians in selecting men or devising methods to administer the city's affairs. Municipally, "imperialist" and "anti-imperialist," "free silver"



and "gold bug," signify nothing. The paramount issue in both municipal political machines is "graft." The paramount issue with other citizens is good government. Those other citizens are the majority. They can get good government if they want it. Let them show that they want a government of St. Louis, for St. Louis, by St. Louis, by getting together, formulating a platform of about forty lines, ordinary newspaper measure, nominating a candidate for Mayor and a Council ticket, putting their energy and their money into a campaign, and their candidates will be elected hands down. In the face of such a movement the political heelers will hide in their holes. Against such a movement, including representatives of every honorable and honest interest in St. Louis, even the paragraphic pounding of the great *Globe-Democrat* would be foolishly ineffectual. The MIRROR declares here and now that a St. Louis party, once properly started, will, within one week, be so strong that every newspaper in St. Louis, of every party, will have to support it or, by refusal to do so, lay itself open to the charge of preferring gang-rule and "grafting" to decent government.

W. M. R.

### COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

THE ONLY CURE FOR EVILS LIKE THE ANTHRACITE STRIKE.

AS the details of the great anthracite strike are made public, the conviction grows upon everyone that there is but one remedy for the strike evil. That remedy is compulsory arbitration.

The strike, especially when it develops into riot and massacre, is uncivilized. The strike injures most the people who are not parties to it. The public suffers, and the public should be protected by governmental agencies. A Union and a corporation should no more be allowed to disturb public peace and dislocate commercial relations, and obstruct the natural laws of supply and demand, than two citizens should be allowed to build barricades in the streets and shoot out their differences whenever they get into a dispute.

The public compels individuals to settle their differences in court. Why should it not compel rival organizations to do the same thing? And if the decrees of courts in private quarrels can be enforced, why not the decrees of a court arbitrating between Labor and Capital?

First, however, Labor Unions must be made responsible to the law. As they are now, there is no guarantee that a decree by a court of arbitration would be binding upon the members of a Union, as it could be made binding by fine or confiscation or abrogation of franchise or license on a corporation.

A Labor Union should be as much the creature of the State as a stock company. There is now no way to punish a Union, as a Union, for any act that may deserve punishment.

There is "government by injunction," which is not only farcical, like the Cardinal's excommunication of the sleeping world because he drank too much at supper, but dangerous. The injunction leveled indiscriminately at a lot of men on the supposition that they contemplate doing something unlawful, before they have done any overt act, is not only absurd but tyrannous. As applied to the strike, the injunction is, practically, a condemnation of men without trial and no sophistry can make out of it anything else. Besides, the injunction doesn't affect the Union. It is aimed at the men, and it is the Union that is usually at daggers drawn with the corporation.

The laws should recognize and regulate the Union as at present they do not. Then the State could make the results of any decree in arbitration effective upon one party as upon the other. The real secret of the capitalistic shibboleth in strike times, "there is nothing to arbitrate," is, that after a dispute with a Union has been arbitrated, the Union may repudiate the decision, denounce the court and laugh at attempts to find the organization and punish it for contempt.

This anthracite strike is an affliction upon the whole country. It afflicts the poor man even more seriously than

it afflicts the capitalist. It disorganizes the whole country to a certain extent. The miners profess to be willing to arbitrate. The operators are not. The issues between the contending forces are plain. The miners either state and complain against things that are true, or their statements are false. It would seem to be an easy matter to determine the justice or injustice of the workingmen's grievances and if there were a Court of Arbitration in Pennsylvania we should have a decision on the facts inside of a week, the men remaining at work pending the decision, and the operators bound, in good security, to abide by the decision as to wages from the time of the formulation of the demands of the men, and the whole country would not now be feeling the pinch of high prices for coal and shut-down mills, and civilization would not be shocked by the spectacle of workingmen being shot down by guards and possemen for losing their self-control in fighting against what they deem, with much justification, to be infamous oppression.

The provision of compulsory arbitration would put an end to the annoying nuisance of the boycott. It would put an end to assaults, by strikers, upon those workers who may not want to go on a strike. It would put an end to corporations outfitting and maintaining private armies for their own protection. The court of arbitration could and would prevent Unions from breaking their agreements at the whim of walking delegates. It would prevent such things as the attempt of the United Mine workers to force into the strike those workers at Jeddo, Pa., who are continuing at work for operators with whom they have an agreement to submit all differences to arbitration.

Arbitration, to be of value to the public, must be provided for in such a way as to make the decisions binding on the Unions. At present, arbitration is a one-sided affair. If the decision is against the employer he has to submit. If it is against the employes, they hold mass meetings and declare arbitrators have been bought, just as they did in St. Louis when the strike on the street cars was settled by the representatives of the employes.

On the face of the situation, the employes in the anthracite mines have a valid list of grievances. All the disinterested testimony as to conditions in the strike-region is that the workingmen are miserably paid and gouged in the measurement of their work and robbed at the company stores. All this, too, in the face of the fact that the country has been felicitating itself on the fact that American mine owners were sending "coals to Newcastle."

If the assertions of the miners as to their treatment by the operators are false, the falsity may easily be proven. If the assertions are true, it is monstrously inhuman that the victims should be shot for protesting against such conditions. But true or false the public is the chief sufferer and the public should be protected against bearing the burden of the tyranny of the miners or the operators or of both.

The only feasible plan of protecting the public is through compulsory arbitration. It may be open to objection, and, in fact, it is in violation of accepted traditional belief that the government shall interfere as little as possible with the relations between its citizens, but the citizens in industrial antagonism are making too much trouble to the discomfort and damage of the people at large and a modicum of governmental interference for the preservation of peace is preferable to frequent and widening outbreaks of anarchism and periodic erection by corporations of an irresponsible, impromptu, private military power within the State.

Little.

### REFLECTIONS.

Don't Be Fooled.

DON'T be fooled by appearances in the present campaign. The quietude is not a sign of the certainty of William McKinley's re-election. It is a sign that the people at large are practically indifferent to the result of the election. This indifference is very much more dangerous to Republicans than to Democrats. The men who will not vote for either candidate are the

men who elected William McKinley in 1896. Mr. Bryan is not the idol he was four years ago, but neither is Mr. McKinley. The people are not absorbedly interested in the Filipinos or Porto Ricans or Cubans. Imperialism is not keeping any one awake o' nights. The financial issue is dormant. The people can't be convinced the country's credit is in danger. The people at large do not relish the preponderance of Mr. Hanna and the things—granting even that they are more or less vague—he represents in the new politics. The people dislike the trusts and the tendency they represent. The people dislike the tariff and its application against our new possessions. The sentiment of the great masses of the people is anti-Republican, even when it is anti-Bryan. Mr. Bryan may be defeated, but it is to be hoped that, if 'tis so decreed, the defeat will be by a margin narrow enough to show the Republican managers that they are "Hobson's choice." Nothing more disastrous could happen this country than a landslide for President McKinley, for the reason that it would be interpreted as a grant of unrestricted license to the syndicates that seem to be the main objects of the Administration's care. The better sense of this country knows that the gravest danger to the Nation is that conservative dread of Mr. Bryan's radicalism will be turned to support of the plutocrats who believe in government for the benefit of special interests. The unvoted vote bids fair to be an efficient factor in the next election. True Democrats, who cannot vote for Bryan, cannot vote for McKinley, and they will not, especially in those States in which votes count most. The present outlook is not so bad for Mr. Bryan, though, of course, no one can figure on the results of a big financial scare in the markets or on the chances of the Democratic managers about Bryan selling him out in States like Indiana and New York.

An Easy One

A PERSON signing his letter "Philosopher," asks the editor "Which party is sincerely against Trusts?" That's easy. Neither party is sincerely against Trusts.

A Caution as to China

WITH Empress An bestowing high honors on Prince Tuan, and other Boxer leaders, it does not look very probable that any demand of the Powers for the punishment of the murderers of foreigners will be acceded to. Indeed, the demand of Germany that the Chinese give up the offenders to the mercies of the outraged governments seems to be reasonable, in view of the late developments. The Chinese government is evidently afraid to punish the Boxers, and the Powers may yet have to do the punishing or let it go undone. The great Nations cannot well be content with a mere money indemnity. If they cannot get the Boxers' heads, and cannot settle solely on a commercial basis, and the Chinese government cannot pay, if the Nations were willing to be content with money alone, and the Nations are all pledged not to demand territory, what is to be the outcome? Very plainly the professions against taking territory will be abandoned. Taking territory means, eventually, the dismemberment of China. Dismemberment means war, eventually, between the Powers. The United States cannot withdraw, without any indemnity, without loss of prestige. With Tuan in power, it will be impossible for the United States to obtain the reparation demanded. Shall the United States back out without getting anything but a Chinese promise never to do it again? It would be a foolishly temerarious statesman who would propose such a thing. We are not out of the Chinese imbroglio and we will not be out of it for some time. Unless all signs fail the Chinese are doing some very clever diplomatizing to keep the allies at loggerheads and to evade the penalties they have earned. Meanwhile they may be preparing to meet the crash when the allies grow weary of the procrastination. Under all the circumstances, it would be wise for the United States not to be too confidently the friend of China, as against the white civilization. Thus far, while our course in the affair has been honorable, it seems that we may have been too trusting and too forgetful of



Mr. Bret Harte's characterization of the entire Celestial race in the person of *Ah Sin*. We should not withdraw our troops too soon—in order to placate anti-imperialistic sentiment in the political campaign at home. Home politics may be a disastrous element in international affairs.

#### Playing It Fine

HOW truly wonderful the way in which those secret papers of the National archives that bolster up the Administration's course in the Philippines are made public at the time when they are most effective! The government records are sifted for campaign material and whatever is not helpful to the Republicans is held back for reasons of State. The Administration is playing it very fine indeed. As politicians, in the tricky sense, the Democrats are, compared with the Republicans, the veriest amateurs.

#### Where Mr. Bryan is Right

MR. BRYAN'S assertion that the investing of American capital in foreign bonds reflects unfavorable business conditions in this country deserves attention. It will not do to dispose of it with sneers and ridicule, as seems to be the habit among his opponents. That capital should leave the United States, where it is urgently needed, is not a healthy indication. It is unnatural and abnormal. We need all the money that we can lay hands on. Our country is still undeveloped and able to sustain a thousand millions of people. If our capitalists are investing abroad, it proves that there is less opportunity, at the present time, for reasonably safe and profitable employment of funds at home. If money rates are too low, it proves that there is little demand for it, because the opportunities of investment are restricted or uninviting. Last year, when the country was prosperous, or supposed to be prosperous, interest rates were hovering between 4 and 6 per cent. At present, they are down to 2 and 3 per cent. Money is loaning in Wall street, on call, at  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. It is, therefore, not surprising, that American capital should go abroad, where better interest rates are obtainable. If we had the population, proportionately, that England has, the investment of our surplus capital abroad would be a different and very encouraging matter. The fact of the matter is that monopolies are creating an unhealthy state of affairs, and producing, at times, undue abundance of capital, and, at other times, an undue scarcity, because they interfere too much with the natural growth of legitimate business. With less protection, that protects the few at the expense of the many, and free, unhindered competition, there would be more business, more prosperity and more investment opportunity in the United States. The efflux of capital from a new, undeveloped country is a disquieting sign. It has even sapped the strength of such an old and supposedly prosperous country like France. In commerce and industry, France remains practically stationary, because capital is leaving the country. Thousands of millions of francs are invested in Russian bonds that should be employed at home. Various reasons are assigned for this phenomenon. Whatever they may be, they reflect an insidious social and economical disease. As above said, the words of Mr. Bryan deserve careful consideration. There is no reason to brag about the fact that we are investing in foreign securities.

#### Knocking The Ex.

IT begins to look as if some of the St. Louis dailies are determined not to lend more aid and comfort than they can help to the new administration of the St. Louis Exposition. They raised their advertising rates and, at the same time, pared down the news treatment of the affair to a few devitalized, perfunctory paragraphs. The preceding management was much more cordially supported by the press. The Exposition is very good indeed, when it is remembered that the preparation for it was begun when the former management had about made up its mind that it was too late to try to hold an Exposition. The idea that the Transit Company controls the Exposition, which the MIRROR mistakenly first projected, is wrong. The con-

trolling stock of the Exposition is held by decidedly anti-monopoly men, and, in fact, by men who are, like the new manager, Mr. Atkinson, single-taxers. The men who have taken the Exposition from the condition of a dead one, and resurrected it, should not be "knocked." They deserve encouragement.

#### Railroad Men

THERE is noticeable in the railroad world a decided movement to relieve the roads of their burdens of top-heaviness. For a long time there have been too many officers drawing big salaries and doing practically nothing. These men were put in offices in the flush times before railroading got to be a science and before experience had pointed out the way to the conservation of energy. The thing grew up, too, during the times when railroads were regarded more in the light of things to speculate upon than institutions to be legitimately operated. The speculators indulged in nepotism and favoritism. What did they care whether some man they liked drew \$12,000 or \$15,000 per year? The smaller stockholders paid it. The controllers made their money in Wall Street. Lately, however, the figureheads have been exposed. Often they have been exposed by the insuppressible efficiency of their subordinates. Too many highly-paid men have been found to be almost wholly dependent upon men of much smaller pay. The result is a weeding out of the dead wood. The big salaries are not saved. They are divided among the men who did the real work. No good men are eliminated. The big official who is worth a big salary continues, as a rule, to get it. But the good men who have been doing the work for other men are coming into their own. If they do not individually obtain such great advances in pay, there is a good advance in pay for a number of men. A \$15,000 salary divided, let us say, among six men, is better for the community than would be the election of one man to that salary. The tendency of the slashing process upon the big-salaried, little-doing men is to make a very nice salary-rise all down the line. The chair-warmers, with four initials after their names, who wouldn't know a waybill from a clawbar are being put out in the cold. The man who knew his business but was kept in the background, is coming to the front and getting both the cash and the credit for his work. The whole movement is good. The railroads save money. And money that is wasted never does any real good. The men get more money. Promotion is made more frequent. The fossils are put out of the way. The young men get their chance, as we see in the case of the youthful B. L. Winchell recently made President of the Colorado and Southern. All over the country the railroads are saving money by paying it to the people who earn it, not to the "dummies." As the new men loom up we find the abuses that grew up under the old neglectful sinecurists being abated. There is a paring of expenses on every hand. Rates are adjusting themselves. Commissions are being cut off. More revenue is made from the old business, and the new business does not cost so much to get. The revolution in railroading is good for the railroads, for the railroaders and for the general public, for more economical management means lower rates. If, as many people claimed, the railroads needed a reformation to bring them down to modern conditions in the matter of rates, it is plainly seen, nowadays, that the reform is coming and has already come from within and not through the effectiveness of hostile legislation.

#### Atavism In New York

TRULY these be times full of signs and portents. The telegraph flashes the news from New York that Mr. E. H. Sothern has caught the town by his presentation of a play called "Hamlet," written by a man named Shakespeare. This is extraordinary. Who would have dreamed, a year ago, that such a production as this "Hamlet" would ever appeal to a refined intelligence that reveled in the supreme art of the Rogers Brothers, the scintillant style of The Girl from Paris or from Maxim's or from any other old place where "there ain't no ten commandments" and a

man must have a thirst? Clearly this reversion of the Gothamite to the drama of the indecisive Dane is a case of community atavism in aesthetics. Nobody spits in anybody's eye in "Hamlet." There isn't any idiotic "Dutch" dialect in "Hamlet." There are no ladies' legs in clouds of creamy lace, in Hamlet. There are no typical songs to whistle, in "Hamlet." New York is certainly forgetting itself.

#### The St. Louis Ball Club

THE St. Louis ball club can play ball, when it doesn't drink. But it is very seldom the St. Louis ball club doesn't drink. If there is any other reason why the aggregation of first-class individual players is disgracefully placed in the roster of clubs it is in order for the management to furnish the explanation.

#### Superstition of Science

THERE is a superstition of science as of religion. Thousands of people, otherwise sensible enough, are taking seriously the book, recently published, in which a young woman in hypnotic trances proves herself to have lived on Mars, to have been a princess in India, back in 1491, and to have been Marie Antoinette, who died on the guillotine. This woman also draws pictures of landscapes on Mars, and writes the Martion chirography. The Martion chirography is plainly built up from our alphabet, and the Martion pictures are attempts to draw things never seen, which result in mere distortion of observations on this planet. She is said to speak Sanskrit, though she never could have studied it in her life, so far as it can be traced in this incarnation. Her descriptions of Indian life are such as reveal nothing that could not be learned from any well written book about the country. Anything added to those descriptions by her trance talks is unverifiable. The whole thing is strikingly like a fraud. Like all other people who allege that they have died and come back to earth, she tells absolutely nothing about the one thing such a person alone could know about, the state of being after death on this sphere. The cranks on hypnotism and spiritualism and transmigration may accept such stuff, and explain it by their pseudo-scientific jargon, but sensible people will believe in return from the dead only when the revisitors tell them something that is not already known without the experience of death.

#### The Unspeakable Croker

THE prominence of Dick Croker in high politics, just now, is disgusting, and the strange thing is that the Bryan press is doing its best to keep Mr. Croker to the front as a statesman. Dick Croker represent all the worst things in government. His power and prosperity represent brutality's superiority to brain. The Mark Hanna of the caricaturists may be bad, as an advertisement of what government by the people may come to, but Croker is worse than Hanna. And Croker, ruffian, ignoramus, crook, traitor that he is, knows that his support is fatal to Mr. Bryan.

#### Aesthetics in Politics

ÆSTHETICS are breaking into politics. Here in St. Louis, Mr. Jim Butler, the proprietor of "the hottest show on earth," "the temple of Tabasco," "the shrine of the warm babies," the headquarters locally of the Sam T. Jack drama, is running for Congress in the richest and, perhaps, the most intelligent district in the State. The Standard Theater, of which Mr. Butler is the presiding genius, gives, every evening and matinee, a show that can be equalled for passionate pointedness nowhere in the world. There beauty unadorned is adored by hundreds of men and boys. There the naked truth of the flesh is set forth in all its vigor. There the elegances of expression are raised to the nth power and the double entente becomes a quintuple and sextuple equivoke. At the Standard "Laus Veneris" is the theme of the paean. The artistic influences of the Standard have radiated all over this city and the name of its proprietor is a household word among æsthetes. This influence is such that Mr. Butler



seems now certain to carry his district by about 1100 majority. But the influence has not stopped its ramifications with the limitations of this city. Mr. Butler's example is being followed elsewhere. The art dramatic is being applied to politics out in Montana. A dispatch in the papers of Tuesday morning tells us that Senator Clark, of Montana, has employed in Chicago a full corps of artists and vaudeville "headliners," and will put them on the road during the campaign, with the spellbinders of his party. The voters are to be given all sorts of amusement along with the heavy-weight speeches. Ed Loftus, song and dance man; George Moore, vocalist, and Ben Shields of the parody team of Maximillian and Shields have left for Butte, on guarantee of \$150 a week each for the campaign. The discussion of imperialism and trusts will be broken up by funny knockabouts, falls, comic and sentimental songs, and general vaudevillainy. But Mr. Clark has not gone as far as Mr. Butler. He has no ladies in his political service as Mr. Butler has. The refining influence of woman does not enter into Mr. Clark's plan of campaign. He knows nothing of the effectiveness of copious "British Blondes," "Creoles" and olio fairies in spreading sweetness and light among the population. Mr. Clark, however, is not in the Continuous Vaudeville Trust, as Mr. Butler is. Mr. Clark does not patronize the theatrical trust at all. Mr. Butler, however, entered the Continuous Vaudeville Trust solely that by co-operation he might maintain the standard of art on the stage. The great heart of the masses warms to him for that. The people recognize what he has done to put a little sunshine and general ginger into their lives. For once they will not be ungrateful to their benefactor. They will vote Mr. Butler into office. Probably the people of Montana will be charmed by Mr. Clark's troupe into conferring upon that gentleman the Senatorship which was not delivered after he had bought it.

#### A Filter Job

AH-HA! The filter jobbers are getting into line for an assault on the city. The typhoid fever scare is being worked for all it is worth to force a filter-scheme through the Municipal Assembly. A big filter corporation, with plenty of brewers and powerful politicians in it, is at work making public opinion here so as to jam through its scheme to build a filter plant and, perhaps, eventually, secure control of the water works.

#### Beveridge

BEVERIDGE, of Indiana, is continuously on tap in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Nothing under the sun is there that Beveridge does not flow copiously over. Beveridge is not nectareous or sparkling. In fact, the Beveridge is stale. It's first broaching, anent the Philippines, was dead, and the leakage ever since has been of a steadily deteriorating quality. Beveridge was too new, anyhow, when first tapped, and the sippers thereof are sickened, rather than exhilarated. Beveridge—well Beveridge is a bogus brew, and the State of Indiana, observing the peculiar celebrity of Beveridge since they thought they had discovered in it a new celestial draught, feel about as does the Cream City about the big advertisements in the papers of "the beer that made Milwaukee famous." Beveridge should be corked-up and left to season a little.

#### Noise-Nuisance Nonsense

THERE'S a good deal of nonsense in all the talk about the suppression of noise in the city, although we could very well do without much of the din. It is not a good sign that people scare, and jump, and go all to pieces at a little clatter, and immediately demand that everything should be padded and cushioned and oiled for their especial benefit. People have taken to cultivating their nerves. They think it equivalent to proof of being of finer organism to be able to say that noise disturbs them. To a great many people the much deprecated noise of the city is neither harmful nor unpleasant. Most of the people who do the thinking and the executing of the work that make a city, are not worried by passing wagons with

rattling rails, or by newsboys shouting papers, or by the clamor of street-car gongs. People who are really busy and truly interested in their work, do not hear the noise, just as they do not feel the heat that is so weakening and wearing upon people who have nothing to do. There are sensitive people who object to "leedle German bands," and hand-organs, but the great number of people are amused by them. There is, oftener than not, true music in a huckster's cry, and the street-car men play tunes on their gongs. There is something in the noise of a city that is, in its way, fully as enjoyable as the solitude of the rural fields and Charles Lamb and Dr. Samuel Johnson will back me up in that statement. The noise not unfrequently spurs one on to effort, even as we have been told that the shrill fife and spirit-stirring drum will revive and straighten-up a drooping, weary and bedraggled army. The clamor calls to a man to be in the midst of it. As for thinking, the greatest thoughts have not been worked out in the fields and places remote from men. Noise as a disturber of sleep! Why, the stoppage of the street cars at night will wake a man up. And the person who is in the center of the greatest noise never notices it. While there are people to whom noise is unpleasant, it must be said that they are people with morbid sensibilities and those people, although they should not be harassed by sounds, should not be allowed to regulate affairs for the whole community. And how ridiculous it is to see the demands for the suppression of noise made by the most brazen, shrilly, blatant newspapers, the headlines of which are suggestions of howls of drunken dervishes while the illustrations are the distorted reminiscences of drunkards' dreams. This crusade against the noise nuisance is a piece of journalistic probono-publico fluddubbery and nothing else. The most noisome noise, which no municipal legislator would dare think of trying to suppress, is that of the noisy yellow newspaper that offends the eye and intelligence of the public. The sick should not be disturbed by noises and that might easily be provided for by a moderate exercise of the police power, but the cry against city noise in general only indicates that a great many people are nursing and coddling their neurotic tendencies to their great mental and moral danger.

#### Master of The Elements

MR. McKINLEY caused the sun to shine and the crops to flourish. He is the author of prosperity. His friends are pointing to the prosperity of the cotton planter, as of his making. Therefore, Mr. McKinley must take the credit for the Texas disasters that destroyed vast quantities of cotton, and boomed the price of the undestroyed staple. If Mr. McKinley, as prosperity-producer, is master of the elements and the planets it is in order for his friends to give him the credit for the Galveston disaster, as well as for the famine in India. It is a wonder that he does not do the Joshua-act and make the sun pause in the heavens for a sign that he is the deputy ruler of the Universe.

#### Col. Teddy's "Cromwell"

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S new book, "Oliver Cromwell," is just published. The publication is a picnic for the publishers. They don't have to do any advertising of the book. The gallant Colonel is the central figure of the country to-day, and his book will be on demand in every village in the land. Looking at the matter purely commercially the value of the author's candidacy for Vice-President as an advertisement of his book is great enough to make the Colonel a man of wealth, even if the people should defeat him for office. Col. Roosevelt, however, is innocent of any design to make money out of his candidacy. His book was designed and was running in a magazine before he became a candidate. He is not one of those authors suddenly fledged through the attainment of public fame through politics. He wrote good books before he was in politics, and, indeed, his first distinction was literary distinction. The book that has come out so fortuitously is not a campaign document in any sense. It is a book Col. Roosevelt would have written by the very circumstances of

his being, in all probability, if he had never been a vice-presidential nominee. It is, one may say, from what is remembered of the material of the biography as it appeared in the magazine, a serious estimate, although quite as much of a self-revelation of Theodore Roosevelt as it is a character study of the great Puritan soldier who made England the empire that she is to-day. The book is not a flimsy, hastily-concocted thing flung at the public by Charles Scribners' Sons to take immediate advantage of a prevalent interest in the individuality of the author, and it will rank as literature. It will be reviewed, later, in this paper.

#### Such Is Fame

THERE is a prospect that the beautiful Dewey arch in New York will be dismantled and destroyed. The wealthiest city on the continent could not or would not contribute enough money to reproduce in marble the beauties that were expressed in "staff." The structure is growing as shabby as the public spirit of the town it adorned. It is better that the thing be obliterated than that it should sadden people by its slow decay. And then, too, the structure was too fine for the thing it commemorated. The battle of Manila Bay was not, properly speaking, a great event, as really great events are reckoned, although it was, in its thoroughness and some of its incidental detail, a strong testimony of American valor. The passing of the arch is significant of the evanescence of popular enthusiasm. Dewey passed rapidly from the position of hero to that of one who was a little touched with ridicule. The Admiral's marriage was resented by his admirers—without any logical cause. The transfer of his house was resented, without much reason. His candidacy for President was a *faux pas*. To-day the Admiral is not much of a figure in the eyes of the world. His fame was soon worn out. Every distinguished man's fame wears out quickly, these days. Why? Because they are made too familiar to the public by the newspaper and magazine article and the camera.

#### John M. Palmer

JOHN M. PALMER was a man. He never wavered on an issue. What he believed, that he said. What he said, that he did. He was always true to his principles. Whither they led he followed. They led him now into one political camp, now into another, but he, though apparently shifting his position, was never a turn-coat. His career was eminently consistent in its adherence to the idea that a man should follow the dictates of his own reason and conscience rather than the dogmatizing of the caucus or the convention. He was constantly charged with variability of opinion, but the close student of his career will find that his supposed variableness was, in fact, a constancy to fixed convictions of right and wrong. No man in this country ever was so generally attacked by former political associates as General Palmer. But no assailant ever doubted his honesty or purity of purpose. He was a brave soldier, a true statesman, a genial companion, a loyal friend, and in all his life of prominence, in a time of much rampant commercialism, he did not put away much more than enough money to keep him in the simpler comforts and to bury him decently. The story of his life, well and truly told, will be an inspiration to many generations of future Americans, for he represented in his character and his ideals the true Americanism which, in its sincerity of conviction of the power of the people to rule themselves, will nullify all the evils that at times seem to foreshadow the doom of democratic government. John McAuley Palmer was a great man. He was more; he was a good man. Beside him, though he lived, latterly, in comparative obscurity, most of the contemporaries who fill the public eye and ear were and are the veriest pigmies.

#### Bubonic Plague and Bacteriology

NEWS of the plague in Glasgow, even though it be rigorously censored, has a very ominous aspect. The new cases continue to crop out, despite the assurances of the authorities, some time ago, that they were able to check its progress and eradicate it. The best men in Great Britain,



in the bacteriological line, have united to fight the malady, but, though they have done everything that the newest science of serum treatment suggests, the plague seems to be fastening rather than relaxing its grip upon what has been called, in some respects, the model municipality of the world. It was but a short time ago that we were told the pest was mastered, and now there is no mistaking the undertone of alarm in the brief comment upon the matter in the medical journals. Indeed, the news from Glasgow comes at a time when it enforces a growing sentiment of reaction against the extensive claims made for the efficacy of bacteriology as a salvatory factor in fighting epidemic. Bacteriology has been considerably overdone. An old, ingrained allopath said to the writer the other evening: "There's too much *similia similibus* in this serum business, too much homoeopathy, for it to be as good as they say it is." However that may be, there is no doubt that the information that trickles out from Glasgow is worrying the doctors of the world.

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#### Rag-Time.

"HOW He Saved St. Michaels" is a famous poem that all readers remember. But the negro hero saved the church at Charleston, S. C., from flame, and the earthquake spared it, for what? That its famous chimes might be rung to vulgar and nasty rag-time tunes! Shade of Plato, can it be that rag-time is thy fancied music of the spheres?

Uncle Fuller.

### SONNETS TO A WIFE.

AN UNIQUE EXPERIMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY.

THE MIRROR has recently come into possession of seventy sonnets written by a living and widely popular American poet, who shall be nameless until the naming of him is authorized. These sonnets were written by the poet in question to his wife and they express with singular felicity and force many of the moods connubial. The sonnets in question are not exactly what the poets call a sonnet-sequence, but they are more in that character of poetical expression than in any other. They were written as a result of Byron's suggestion, in one of his poems, that Petrarch would not have written the immortal sonnets to Laura if she had been his wife, and they are as remarkable in their way as the famous "Sonnets from the Portuguese," written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning for the immediate eye of her great poet-husband and the ultimate entrancement of all the world, which ever "loves a lover."

The production, as a whole, is unique in American letters. There have been many sonnet-sequences written by English poets, and the "Vita Nuova" of Dante is immortal. Some of the more noted sonnet-sequences, including some which are really not sequences in the true sense, will be readily called to mind, as, for instance, Sidney's sonnets to Stella, Rossetti's "House of Life," Christina Rossetti's "Monna Innominata," Meredith's "Modern Love," Robert Bridges' "Growth of Love," David Gray's "In the Shadows," James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night."

The collection of "Sonnets to a Wife" which has come into the MIRROR'S possession, is the first experiment of the sort in this country and differs in many ways from all those just enumerated. They are not so strenuous—to use a much overwrought word of the time—as the others, not so intensely subjective as most of them and perhaps not of such ultra-sentimental quality as others, but they are an exposition of modern love much more pleasant than the presentation of the passion in the Meredith sequence. They are a series of pictures wholly sweet and reconciling to the minds of us who have seen of late so many problems exploited and torn to shreds in relation to the marriage question. The poet tells his story in a vein of chaste and delicate delight in the development of the life connubial, with now and then a burst of more glowing rapture. The idealization of a woman is portrayed without any departure from the balancing influence of American common sense, and thus we are given a picture of marriage that is fact translated into poetry. With the varying moods

are blended here and there exquisite glimpses of the open world which mark the singer as an appreciative nature-lover. In this time of rather too self-conscious delight in our own mental torturings these sonnets come upon us without the slightest taint of the morbidity of the decadence. Simplicity is a note according well with the earnestness of the strain and the purity of the thought. In short, these sonnets to a wife are an artistic presentment of the aspect which the world wears to a man who looks at it from the viewpoint of one who has found marriage to be in fact all that it has been feigned by the fancy of poets before him.

The MIRROR will print one or more of these "Sonnets to a Wife" each week until the series has been completed. Lovers of poetry will find in the verses much to pique their curiosity as to the identity of the poet. They will be pleased with the development of the theme and the revelation of the manner in which a woman is the interpreter of all the world to the man who loves her. The series is much more than a literary curio and we venture to assert that, in days to come, the first drafts of the sonnets in these columns will be treasured by collectors, for the work, as a whole, is certain to be widely popular with the same refined class that makes the constant demand for the sonnets of Mrs. Browning. The first instalment of the "Sonnets to a Wife" is submitted herewith.

#### LIFE AT ITS BEST.

Life at its best is but a troubled sea;  
The ship is launched with snowy-spreading sail  
To face the reefs, the billows and the gale,  
And meet the perils that are yet to be.  
The shore she left fades dimly in the lee  
And on the beach the forms and faces fail;  
Come what come may, or rain or sun or hail,  
The ship glides on, the mariner is free.

But Ah! what joy when backward o'er the foam  
From stress of storms and far, unfriendly lands,  
Held in the hollow of the skies' vast dome,  
To mark at last the well-remembered sands;  
To know once more the harbor of a home  
And welcome of a woman's outstretched hands.

#### THE WOOING.

Not with the thoughts of others do I seek  
To wake your interest and hold it fast;  
Not with a fancy from the buried past,  
Some honeyed fragment of the ancient Greek  
Have I essayed in halting form to speak;  
But I have all such cunning outward cast  
And trusted to the Saxon words at last  
To light your eyes—put color in your cheek.

The simplest speech is truest; when I say  
"I love you;" in those three words I have said  
All that I know, or compass, or can feel;  
Let those who will, adopt the tortuous way  
The while their thought in speech obscure is led  
Round, round, and round, a wheel within a wheel.

#### IN THE FIELDS.

When on the hills the golden sunlight lies  
And apple-trees are heavy with the snow  
Of drifted bloom that shades the grass below,  
While far above are realms of cloudless skies:  
When overhead the wandering swallow flies  
And butterflies in loops of color go,  
Then, as we wait together, do I know  
Some touch, some hint, some gleam of Paradise.

The sweet song-sparrow from the poplar sings,  
The swaying leaves put forth their emerald shields,  
Each trembling blossom where the barred bee clings  
Its store of sweets through drowsy hours yields;  
What sense of life, what joy that almost stings,  
With you and I, there, loitering in the fields,

### TO THE SHADE OF LAMB.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

[For the MIRROR.]

IN what bodiless region dost thou now sojourn, oh, *Carolus Agnus*, with thy slim, shy soul answering to what was erst its earthly integument? Art thou, if daring conjecture may follow thee beyond the warm precincts of the cheerful day, somewhere in the vast stellar interspaces (for the "downright Bible heaven" is not for thee)—wandering forlorn with Her who companioned thy earth journey? Or (and to this chiefly doth my fancy cleave) art thou sheltered in some quiet nebula remote from all that vexed thy spirit in its inferior transit, some celestial image of thy terrestrial Islington; sharing, as of yore, sweet converse with Coleridge and Hazlitt and Hunt and Godwin, and all that rare company in whose variant humor thou wast wont to delect thy sublunary leisure? Not otherwise would the kind fates ordain; nor would She, the fond guardian of thy mortal course, be wanting to this reunited fellowship, She to whom thy constant heart pledged a most pure sacrifice. Yea, and it is sweet to believe that her old office, in token of her so great love, hath not been taken from her. For, as the high debate proceeds and, waxing warm at some intractability of Godwin's, (who had always power to move thee) thou retorest in shrill, impedimental fashion, She lays to lip an admonitory finger; and thou, observant of that familiar caution, dost smile with renewed serenity, leaving to the philosopher a victory not fairly his own.

Then Coleridge seemeth to speak, and all is admiring silence. Nothing of his old eloquence hath Samuel Taylor lost by his translation to a higher sphere. Nay, he that was finite (though in thy quaint malice thou wouldst not always have it so) is now, of a truth, infinite; composing without conscious effort a thousand Christabels, and delivering, unpremeditated, discourse fit for the enthroned gods. The celestial equivalent for "Coleridge is up!" flashes in a manner not to be conveyed by mundane simile, through the wide-scattered ranks of spheres, thrilling even the high-ministrant Thrones and Intelligences, who must needs perform their elect service with an air distraught, as wishing to be of that lower auditory. (Alas! there is ennui even in heaven). While the immortal Mortal pours forth a strain of sublime speech on themes forbidden to our mention here, the shades come thronging thick and fast to listen, as the Roman poet saw them when Sappho and Alcaeus with their golden lyres smote the three-headed Cerberus and the tumultuous hordes of Pluto into a ravished silence.

*Utrumque sacro digna silentio  
Mirantur umbræ dicere.*

Art thou happy there, oh, Elia, as when thou didst tarry upon this green earth? Dost thou repine beside the celestial Abana and Pharpar, for the "unspeakable rural solitudes, the sweet security of streets?" Wouldst thou gladlier tread again the everlasting flints of London, a toilworn clerk, hiding in thy shy bosom a genius that forever invokes the tears and praises of men; thy days of labor sweetened by nights of tranquil study or social converse with the friends whom thy heart sealed for its own? Or wouldst thou, oh, Elia, be again a child at Christ's, glad to lay thy sick head on a pillow, with the image of maternal tenderness bending over thee that, unknown, had watched thy sleep; or with her, thy life-mate (whom thou so playfully dost call thy cousin, Bridget Elia) bound to thee withal by a more sacred tie than that of wedded love, wouldst thou revisit the green fields of pleasant Hertfordshire and all the scenes made dear by so many years of unbroken faith and companionship? Well I believe it, for thou hadst never a mind for joys beyond thy ken. The factitious raptures of spiritists were not for thee, nor wast thou ever seduced from the steady contemplation of thy ideal of happiness here below, by a disordered vision of the New Jerusalem. Thou wast not indeed too fond of the Old Jerusalem—why should there be another?

Oh, rare Spirit, would that I might offer thee a cup of kindly ale, such as so often moved thee, to the world's profit and rejoicing! Better, I doubt not, would it please thee than the o'er-besung nectar of thy incorporeal residence. Thou wast ever for human comforts—"Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays,



and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, society and the cheerful glass, and candlelight, and fireside conversations"—thou didst ever reluct from the fantastical conceits of epic cookery; thou gavest thy voice for all things truly gustable, and, if thou wouldst do honor to the gods, a leg of mutton failed not to grace thy *lectisternium*. Even from thy choicest pages the savor of roast pig rises immortal!

How canst thou, whose warm heart-beats we yet feel, neighbor with phantoms,—thou who in life wast never of their fellowship? Thy genial human creed forbade thee to believe much in the promises of men, arrogating a knowledge beyond the grave. This earth sufficed thee—this earth that is the happier and better for thy too brief sojourn upon it. Millions have lived since thou wast called away, yet how few that are worthy to be remembered with thee! We open thy Book and the spell of thy kindly thought is upon us. Thy phrases are loved and familiar. We weep with thee over thy lost childish love, which thou didst again figure in gracious allegory as the Child-Angel who goeth lame but lovely; and we know whose heart lies buried with Ada who sleepeth by the river Pison. Thy tenderness for thy Sister—the great love and tragedy of thy life—is writ in gold where none but angels may turn the page. Thou, whose earth-passage was scarce noticed, art now become a treasure to all feeling hearts. Thou wast indeed a man and a brother, with thy full share of human weaknesses, which thou didst not, in craven humility, accept as a token of divine reprobation; but didst rather cover them as with a mantle of light, in thy true and modest virtues. Thou wouldst reject the title of saint with the fine irony that so well became thee; yet of many is thy saintship approved who would agnize few others in the calendar. Thy soul was full of antique reverence, though it shrank from the fictile faiths of men. A Christmas carol was to thee worth all the psalmody in the world; a kind heart all the theology and word-worship. Thou couldst see no evil in thy fellow man which thou wouldst not readily forgive—save, perhaps, unkindness. Thy feeling toward women, expressed in the most gracious of thy written words, shall alone keep thy name sweet for many a future generation. Within thy heart, so tried with anguish and sorrow—thy virgin heart, cheated of, yet ever faithful to, its only dream—there bloomed the white flower of chivalry. Cockney, as they called thee, loyal to thy London pots and chimneys, thou wast as knightly as Bayard, as tender as Sydney; and the world may well regret thee as born out of thy due time. Yet herein is the proof of thy rare distinction—that thy life, humbly derived, humbly fulfilled, still sheds an interior light which turns all into beauty, invests the poor and unworthy circumstances of thy earth-progress with the grace of romance, and the farther thou recedest from us, draws us the more to thy attaching and ennobling genius.

## A PREHISTORIC DISASTER.

IT WAS DUPLICATED IN THE CALAMITY AT GALVESTON.

BY a singular coincidence a most interesting discovery was made at Galveston, Texas, just prior to the great flood which devastated that fair Southern city. It was made in connection with excavations in which relics were procured for the archaeological exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition, and indicated that in some far distant age when the lands bordering the gulf were peopled by a race long since perished from the face of the earth a similar tempest overwhelmed the unfortunate residents of the coast. It must have destroyed them by thousands just as people were destroyed when the hurricane and flood descended upon Galveston in the recent calamity which has aroused for the stricken city the sympathy of its sister cities of the whole American Union.

The bones discovered in this search for Pan-American relics are beyond a doubt several thousand years old. They are of a prehistoric race whose character is an interesting subject for speculation. Whoever they may have been and whenever they may have lived, the remains found show, beyond a question, that some terrible outbreak of nature caused the sudden death of thousands of these ancient people and their burial in the strata where, by chance, they were discovered and their existence reported to archaeologists, working in the interests of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, just a few days before another awful flood

submerged the city of Galveston and swept to death thousands of its citizens.

The finding of the remains was quite accidental. Mr. H. J. Simmons, superintendent of the Arizona and New Mexico Railway, who is a friend of Superintendent A. L. Benedict, of the Pan-American Exposition Department of Ethnology and Archaeology, was making excavations along the lines of this railroad near Clear Creek, Galveston county, for railroad purposes, when bones were found in the earth. On examination of the contents of the steam shovel, skulls and human teeth were noticed and further search led to the discovery of skeletons of whole families together with ivory beads and other objects of human handiwork. Realizing the valuable and scientific character of the find a systematic search of the strata in the vicinity was made. Geologists say that this whole section was once covered by the Gulf of Mexico. The idea at once came to Mr. Simmons, on learning the extensive character of the human remains, that in the far distant past a tidal wave had occurred at the time the gulf covered more of that part of the country than at present and that these bones were the remains of the thousands of human beings who had been drowned in the overflow of the waters of the gulf.

Evidently these people were not mere barbarians, living scattered thinly over the country in temporary abodes and having no permanent abiding places. The number of the skeletons and their close proximity to one another indicates that there existed here a populous community and that in some far away age a people devoted to the pursuits of industry and more or less skilled in the arts, were here living in a city, having its institutions of government and social customs and some degree of civilization. This could not have been simply the site of a cemetery, for the positions in which the skeletons were found proves conclusively that the persons were not buried after a natural death, but were drowned and afterward buried beneath the debris of the convulsion, or hurriedly and in wholesale by their survivors, as was done recently at Galveston. While all the skeletons were lying down, some were face up, others face down, and many on the other side. There was no regularity in their burial at all. It was the exception to find one skeleton by itself. Usually two and sometimes three and four were found together. In some instances as many as fourteen being piled in a heap, as if a whole family had gathered to meet death, and perished in one another's arms.

Some of the skulls of these pre-historic Texans were of enormous size and the majority of them had rather low foreheads. A singular fact observed was that while all of the teeth were considerably worn, showing the use of hard food and age of the persons, there was in no case the slightest indication of decay, a quite different situation from that observed in relics of more modern but still pre-historic Indians, among whom dental caries is comparatively common. Several thousand skeletons were removed in the process of excavation. Fifteen hundred were actually counted in the first part of the excavation and doubtless several thousand more were removed. As a rule they were soft and damp when first uncovered, but many became fairly hard after being exposed a while to the sun. No bones of children were found and this was accounted for by the supposition that they had all decayed. Among the bones were found a number of ivory beads about one-fourth of an inch in diameter and from one and one-half to two inches long, with a hole drilled through lengthwise and a diagonal groove cut on the outside.

The situation of this remarkable archaeological find was a deposit of shell, gravel and sand in a bank consisting of about 30 acres nearly surrounded by Clear Creek. This deposit consists of seven distinct strata, each about three feet thick, and between each stratum there is a deposit of silt or earth from  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch to 1 inch in thickness. On the top of the bank the soil is about eight inches deep and large live oak trees grow thickly over it. No two of the strata are exactly alike, some having a larger percentage of gravel than others, and the shells also vary. Some are much larger than others, some are oyster shells and some are clam. On the average the deposits consists of about 40 per cent shell, 40 per cent gravel and 20 per cent coarse sand. In the second layer from the top the bones were found in great abundance, and in the bottom layer, just at water level, and about 21 feet below the top of the bank, large quantities of the bones were found. Just how to explain this phase of the situation has taxed the antiquarians.

Some suggest the possibility of two successive tidal waves, one perhaps far removed from the other in point of time.

It surely is a singular combination of events that discovered these traces of a prehistoric Galveston disaster just before that disaster was reproduced with all its horror on the very site of the original catastrophe. Without doubt there will be no more interesting exhibit at the Buffalo Exposition than these relics of the great calamity that swept the coast of what now is Texas in the dim dawn of time.

Some will find in the ghastly record that has leaped to light occasion to take counsel of their fears and declare that the awful disaster that was duplicated a few days ago may be duplicated again, but that is folly. By like reasoning every sea coast town might be deserted. Another Galveston disaster is not probable, according to all the laws of recurrence of events, until we who read this, in some century far hidden in the future, shall be spoken of as a prehistoric people.

Edward Hale Brush.

## WHY MISSOURI STAYS SOLID.

THE DEMOCRATIC GANG'S GRIP ON THE STATE PRESS.

(Written For the MIRROR by George W. Eads, editor of the *Calumet-Banner*, published at Clarksville, Pike County, Mo. Mr. Eads is a free-silver, anti-imperialist Democrat.)

THE legislative, executive and judicial power in Missouri is the lobby. It makes the laws, executes and interprets them, through instruments, called, by virtue of the patience of the people, legislatures, governors and courts. In Missouri the lobbyist is more powerful than the people. His will is the supreme law. There is no appeal from his decisions. He nominates candidates, and the people, blinded by party prejudice, vote them into office. The officials are mere puppets, and move across the checkerboard whenever the lobbyist presses the button. They treat the people, who have been deceived into electing them, with supreme contempt. It is not necessary to be specific and cite instances to prove these facts. Every well informed man knows that the corporate interests of the State, aided and abetted by the Jefferson City ringsters, absolutely dominate Missouri politics. No legislation beneficial to the farmer, the laborer or the small merchant has been enacted within recent years, while the powerful interests of the State, with unlimited capital at their command, have received all they have asked. In spite of these notorious facts—in spite of the fact that political venality seems to have reached its climax in Missouri, the people of this State are asked to support a corporation and machine-made ticket—a ticket composed of men who espouse Democratic principles for the reason only that it aids them to secure office—a ticket headed by a man who has been false to every principle for which his party stands nationally—a man, who, under Cleveland was a gold-bug, and is a free silverite now only for the sake of office—an anti-expansionist in Congress—an expansionist, an imperialist at Springfield in 1898, and anything now under high heaven to be Governor of Missouri.

There is no chance for any Democrat who is hostile to machine interests to hold office at Jefferson City. Tickets are named in advance of nominating conventions, and the candidates are selected with special reference to their ability to serve the corporations. The people have no chance to nominate a man who will honestly represent their interests. The only way they can reach the infamous and vicious politicians who are trading upon them and selling them out, is to strike them at the polls.

This is not an over-drawn picture of conditions as they exist in Missouri to-day. Why is the press of the State, which not only boasts that it is the moulder of public opinion but the guardian of the people's interests, silent when confronted with these facts? Why are newspaper readers kept in ignorance of the real condition of affairs? Is it not because the Democratic press, afraid to assert its independence, is servile to the corruptionists, rather than true to the people?

Not one Democrat in five hundred knows how this State has been mis-governed by the State-house ring. The Democratic press is silent upon these issues of momentous importance to the public welfare. Its efforts, so far as it makes any, are not directed towards the establishment of



truth and justice, but towards sustaining the record of party crime against the Constitution and statutes—against the interests of the people of the State at large.

How are the Missouri newspapers kept in line with a public policy so palpably corrupt in every department that Missouri is becoming a synonym for political infamy, scandal and ignominy?

During several years' experience in the newspaper business I have made some observations from which I have been able to arrive at conclusions which I believe are not far wrong. It may be said, with a great deal of truth, that no man who is honest with his conscience and intelligent enough to discern the truth, can long edit a newspaper in Missouri. Whenever he shows the first symptoms of independence, or any disposition to tell the whole truth, or asserts his privilege of denouncing the mischief makers, he is set upon by political vagabonds and the satellites of party bosses, and maligned, lied about and abused, and every effort made to drive him from business. The consequence is that the timid are held in line for fear that some newspaper printed in the shadow of a court house dome will hiss "traitor" at them, or the displeasure of some petty boss may be incurred. This process of intimidation is pursued with splendid effect by the rings.

Political machines cannot be sustained in the face of a hostile, honest, independent press. Therefore it is necessary to make the newspapers a part of the machine. This is done by various methods. The newspaper that serves the ring best is served best by the ring. The newspaper which keeps quiet with reference to the "midnight deeds" of its party and supports vicious and disreputable schemes for preying upon the public gets as its reward the county printing and candidates for office publish their announcements in its columns.

The majority of Missouri weeklies are published in county seat towns. In every county there is a court house ring, which, in nine cases out of ten, is articulated with the State House ring. The county ring is composed of office-holders, prospective office-holders, newspapers, country corporation agents and hangers-on for appointment to easy jobs. Being a party to a ring in its own county it is not expected that a newspaper will make a fight against a State ring, for the overthrow of the latter might result in the downfall of the local ring, to the disadvantage of the man who made the fight.

There has been no general newspaper discussion of the employment of an unnecessary and expensive clerical force by the last General Assembly, for the reason that a great many of the clerks were editors of Democratic weeklies, and a great many other editors were making desperate efforts to secure jobs at the Capitol city. There are editors in the State who have had regular jobs at each session of the legislature for the past quarter of a century. There is no reason why an editor should not seek office or appointment to office, but this should not furnish him an excuse for supporting corruption in politics, or remaining silent while the people are being plundered by the agents of special classes. At any given time nearly one-half the Missouri editors are actively seeking election to office, postmasterhips, and various other positions of profit. It cannot be expected that a profession will attain a high degree of efficiency when those engaged in it are using it as a "stepping-stone" to political places, usually known as "snaps." These "snaps" come high to the people, but what do those who are enjoying their emoluments care?

It has been charged openly that the Democratic candidate for Governor bought up the country press, the price paid being two dollars each. One editor told me that he was going to write to Dockery and ask \$25 as the price of his support. The St. Louis Republic, the representative of political nothingness, came out openly for him, prior to the nominating convention. The fast mail trains which carry the Republic all over the Central-West at Government expense were put on through the instrumentality of Dockery. The connecting link between the politicians and newspapers is "boodle." They go hand-in-hand and neither care a continental for good government.

The people of Missouri are long suffering and patient, but I can see no relief from a government of the politician and for the politicians until we have a greater degree of political independence. This can be obtained only through the medium of an independent press. The cause of good government must suffer so long as the newspapers are parties to and participants in bad partisan government. If Missouri is badly governed, and there is no

doubt about that, the newspapers are responsible. If the same old gang, pledged to continue the same old policy of plunder, is again put in power, the newspapers will be responsible, because they cannot be in ignorance of real conditions, and have not the manhood and independence to tell their readers the truth. Political infamy flourishes in Missouri, while Truth lies bleeding in the editorial sanctum, pleading for publicity through the medium, of so-called "watch-dogs of the people's interests."

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## IS ENGLAND A DYING NATION?

BRITISH FINANCIAL SUPREMACY USURPED BY THE UNITED STATES.

(FOR THE MIRROR.)

IN an article recently published, the London Times explored the dependence of Great Britain on foreign countries for breadstuffs and raw products required by manufacturing industries. The wailing of "the Thunderer" contained a good deal of truth and significance.

At the present time, the cotton industry in England is practically crippled, owing to the scarcity of supplies of raw cotton and the enormous prices prevailing. The Chinese complications have aggravated the situation still more and caused an almost complete cessation of exports of cotton goods to China, the most important outlet for British manufacturers. Taken in connection with the reaction in all lines of trade and industry; the scarcity and high prices of coal; labor troubles; the protracted and expensive struggle in South Africa, and monetary disturbances, it is certainly not to be wondered at that the average Englishman feels disposed to take a gloomy view of the future and to harbor notions of the political and economical decadence of his country.

The fact of the matter is, that commercial and industrial competition is growing too rapidly for the comfort of our British cousins. The United States and Germany are making big inroads into the markets hitherto almost exclusively controlled by England. Even British colonies are being invaded by foreign competitors. Australia, India, South Africa and Canada are being flooded with American and German goods, and the British manufacturer finds his fields continually shrinking.

It is pretty safe to predict that the United States will soon be the most formidable competitor of England, because our resources are well nigh inexhaustible and our national wealth is rapidly enlarging. The iron and steel production on this side of the Atlantic has made stupendous progress in the last ten years, and will record much greater expansion within the next twenty years, because the cost of production is much less in this country than it is in Europe. In spite of the recent sharp decline in the prices of iron and steel, both in Europe and the United States, American manufacturers are still able to underbid European competitors and secure large and profitable contracts in foreign countries. Our iron industry is no longer dependent upon the domestic market. This will no doubt prevent any such intense depression as characterized it some years ago, and put the industry upon a firmer and healthier basis.

There is no better index of the decadence of England than the floating of British Government loans in this country. Some weeks ago, American banks and capitalists subscribed to a good many millions of British consols, which were offered at an attractive figure and met with a big demand. British financial journals commented upon the transaction and pointed out the growing financial superiority of America. To admit that its obligations would meet with a better and more advantageous reception in the United States than at home was certainly humiliating for the English Government. Political and financial complications had become so acute that England had to invoke foreign aid. If the loan had been floated at home, there would have been a disturbance in the London money and security markets, which were already out of joint. Proud, rich Albion asking Americans for financial assistance! Great shades of Peel, Palmerston and Beaconsfield!

If it had not been for American aid, the Bank of England would have found it very difficult to replenish its reserves, some time ago, when they were down to about 35 per cent. In fact, the rate of discount would have been raised to 5 or 6 per cent, but for the timely arrival of American eagles.

The amount of American securities held by British investors has diminished considerably in the last three years.

Whatever the reasons may have been, the fact is apparent that we will soon have reason to celebrate our financial independence of Great Britain. The London Economist, every once in a while, refers sneeringly to the American jingoes and their vainglorious pretensions to the role of the world's financial arbiter. Every impartial observer, however, will admit that England has its great financial future behind it, and that the golden scepter is slowly slipping out of her hands.

The war in South Africa has proved very costly and disastrous. The curtailment of the gold supply from South Africa proved ruinous to the world of commerce and industry; caused a great depression in the value of securities, and exposed the Achilles heel of Great Britain. The military campaign has been a failure, and exposed the weakness and corruption of the British military system. The serious impairment of political and financial prestige will greatly outweigh any advantages that might arise from the acquisition of the two tiny Boer republics.

It is probably true, as some great writer remarked, that economic strength and prosperity are conditioned upon political greatness. That the international political position of England has grown weaker in the last ten years may be admitted, without elaborate demonstration. The facts speak for themselves. Some years ago, Lord Salisbury referred to "dying nations,"—will he have occasion to class England among them before his death?

Francis A. Huter.

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## ON THE DOORSTEP.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

MISS CAMBELL was from Philadelphia, and she did not approve of sitting out on the front doorsteps. Even on hot August evenings, when every sensible person on the avenue was out in the open air, wooing whatever breezes there were to be found, she sat in solitary state in her stuffy little bedroom or in the boarding house parlor. It is a serious thing to be a consistent martyr to one's principles.

One day Miss Campbell read in the afternoon paper that the extreme heat had driven fashionable London to its doorsteps—that even within the sacred precincts of Mayfair "doorstep parties" were the thing, and that honorable Algernons and Mauds smoked their cigarettes and drank their cooling beverages out of doors, regardless of the passing crowd. That evening, driven to it by a longing for fresh air, Miss Campbell decided to be English. It was a good time for her venture, for she was the only one at home. Most of the boarders had gone to the park; the rest were bicycling. She had the doorstep to herself. Really, it was not so dreadful after all. The kindly dusk hid all but the light waists or gowns of the women on the steps opposite, while the men were distinguishable only by the sparks at the ends of their cigars. With a little thrill of self-congratulation Margaret Campbell realized that no one would know that she had departed from her principles.

"I suppose I am old-fashioned," she thought. "John used to say so when I was only 20, and ten years of lonely life have hardly improved me."

The warm breeze fanned her cheek. She settled herself comfortably back on the cushions that she had brought from her room and lazily watched the phantom-like passersby. Troops of laughing girls and boys hurried along the sidewalk, followed by lover-like couples, creeping as though to retard happy moments spent together. Bicycles sped silently past in the street, their lamps flashing like gigantic fireflies; carriages rolled by, heralded by the muffled hoof-beats of their horses; and, from time to time, automobiles whizzed by, weirdly.

A solitary man came slowly up the street. He stopped at the foot of the steps and then sat down not far from Margaret.

"Do you mind my smoking?" he asked barely turning around.

Miss Campbell started; the voice seemed curiously familiar. "Not at all," she replied a little stiffly, "it will keep away the mosquitoes." Then she felt herself blushing at the foolishness of the remark, for there were no mosquitoes to be kept away. Ten years ago, one happy, never-to-be-forgotten summer, she had been often asked that question, and had made the same rejoinder, much more appropriately.

The man did not look at her while he lighted his cigar,



and she, absorbed in thought, missed the brief illumination of his features which followed the kindling of the match. There was a long silence, broken at last by the newcomer. "Rather cooler," said he, as though continuing a conversation.

"Yes," answered Margaret, still more puzzled by the voice. This was not one of Mrs. Lee's boarders. She must hear him speak again. It was not right that a stranger should make her tremble so.

"Were you ever at Long Branch?" she asked abruptly. The man turned toward her and she could feel that he tried to penetrate the darkness and see who it was that was speaking. Margaret was not the only one who had been agitated by a voice. Her heart beat almost audibly.

"Margaret, is it you?" he cried.

"Yes, John," she answered, with strange self-possession. She noted this herself, and marveled that she should do so at such a moment. How could she think about how she was speaking when she had not seen him for ten years. "How came you here?"

"I came up the wrong steps," John answered, slowly. "I am glad, since they have brought me to you."

It ought to have been bewildering—this unlooked for appearance of the man who had gone out of her life so long ago, never to return. Yet Margaret took it as a matter of course.

"If you are glad, why didn't you come before? I have wanted you so."

"I didn't know where you were," faltered John.

"Then it was all a mistake?"

"All a mistake, dear, and I have come back to you."

He had risen, but now he sat down by her side and reached out to take her hand. Margaret let him have it, gladly, and they sat together and talked, as they used to talk. It was as though they had never been parted. Margaret did not ask for explanations, and John did not give them. Yet she felt that they understood each other.

There was a merry burst of laughter, a confused sound of voices; half a dozen people around her were talking all at once.

"Why, here's Miss Campbell," cried a lively girl, overflowing with good spirits, "Miss Campbell, who never sits on door-steps."

"Gone back on your principles, Miss Campbell?" asked a frisky youth, who was an incorrigible tease. "I am amazed."

Margaret stood up, dazed. The young people had appeared suddenly. "Yes, the heat drove me out, and I am glad that it did, Mr. Young, for an old friend found me quite by accident. Allow me to introduce him. John—" she looked around, but John was not there.

"You were all alone, Miss Campbell," volunteered Mr. Young. "Fast asleep and dreaming, I declare."

Miss Campbell pulled herself together nobly. "So I was," said she. "Good night, everybody," and she turned around and went into the house. The others followed, with the exception of the two youngest and happiest.

"Poor Miss Campbell," whispered the girl, with keen intuition. "I think she was dreaming of her lover."

"Nonsense, Jennie; that's all your fancy. Miss Campbell is as prosaic as you are imaginative."

"She is pretty," said Jennie; "she must have had lovers. And she isn't old—why shouldn't she have one now?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tom Young, "she is pretty and nice enough. But, Jennie, don't let's talk about other people. Did you mean what you said in the park?"

"Yes," whispered Jennie.

Miss Campbell looked down upon the steps from her window. She wanted to gaze on the spot where John had been. She saw Jennie and Tom acting "Love's Young Dream."

"God grant them a happier awakening than mine," she murmured as she crept to bed. *The Chicago Tribune.*

### SCARED.

**M**ISSOURI men are frightened. Republican candidate for Governor, Flory, looks like a winner. The Democrats all over the State are lukewarm, except where they are fighting one another. Democratic rallies don't bring out the people. Only treason can defeat Flory. There is no doubt that a lively Republican assault could turn this State from its stuffed idols.

## BALLADE OF THOSE IN HELL.

(For the MIRROR.)

**W**HERE rising flames in hunger swerve or meet  
In tawny folds like to a lion's mane,  
Do we abide in this most dire retreat  
We, the lost souls who evermore complain,  
Each forehead branded with the mark of Cain,  
And slaves to Lucifer who hereto fell:  
Our moans and cries go Heavenward in vain—  
There is no God for those that are in Hell.

No touch of dew may ever cool this heat,  
And ruddy sparks fall thick in lieu of rain,  
On scorching paths we walk with blistered feet  
And leave behind us many a purple stain.  
The laggard centuries may wax and wane  
And distant skies their starry legends tell,  
But we must needs accept this bitter bane—  
There is no God for those that are in Hell.

In burning fever do our pulses beat  
And fever-fire is hot in every vein,  
Fierce heart-throbs, like to pendulums repeat,  
Persistent echoes to the maddened brain.  
For sheer annihilation we are fain,  
Or else in blank oblivion to dwell,  
Yet here for hopeless ages have we lain—  
There is no God for those that are in Hell.

ENVOY.

Prince, why should we to everlasting pain  
Be thus condemned; in fields of asphodel  
Christ's favored ones do Paradise attain:  
There is no God for those that are in Hell.

*Ernest McGaffey.*

## MONEY EAST AND WEST.

AN AESTHETIC PHASE OF THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

**T**HINGS are not always what they seem, and the reasons for things are not often what they seem. Mankind loves "obvious" reasons, and "deep" reasons. Real reasons are seldom "obvious," even when staring us in the eyes. Profound and impressive reasons commonly have nothing to do with the case. The reasons that explain, like Newton's explanation of weight and Darwin's explanation of adaptation in nature, are general truths of a very simple sort, not at all "obvious" until the eye of genius has seen them, and so far from "profound" that they tell us nothing whatsoever of ultimate causes, of the nature of matter, of the eternal mystery of being.

Even more widely than in our "obvious" explanations of physical nature do we go astray in our off-hand explanations of human conduct. We attribute to our fellow men a knowledge of facts, a comprehension of principles, and a devotion to theory which they seldom possess. We assume that they govern their conduct by carefully matured reasons when we could easily satisfy ourselves that they are creatures of habit and prejudice, sticklers for trifles, and worshippers of fetiches.

Is it not possible that our explanations of the monetary heresies of the West—as hard-headed Easterners love to call them—when not of the "obvious" sort, have been altogether more learned than the problem has demanded; and that certain real explanations, very simple but very far-reaching, being neither "obvious" nor "profound," have been unfortunately overlooked?

"Obvious" reasons why Kansas and Nebraska farmers should desire a forty-eight-cent dollar we have had without end. What was ever more "obvious" than the enormous burden of mortgage indebtedness under which the West was staggering until the election of Mr. McKinley four years ago bejiggered the sun spots, charmed the weather, called forth glorious harvests from the earth, and poured money like a flood over all the plains and prairies? And what else could be more "obvious" than the well-known wicked desire of all "debtor classes" to repudiate their obligations? "Obviously" nothing, except possibly the forgotten fact that some millions of men in this sinful world are honorable and honest, and that, on the whole,

the people of the American West, thrice winnowed and sifted from a Puritan stock, tempered by hardship and danger to a moral fiber of fearless sincerity, are just a shade or two more honest than most other folk.

Even wider of the truth have been the "weighty" reasons advanced in explanation of Western economic perversity. We have been told that the Western mind, more thoughtfully than the Eastern, has grappled with the theoretical problems of bimetalism, and, rightly or wrongly, has convinced itself that the gold standard is practically dishonest. Any one who really knows the Western mind can safely affirm that it understands bimetalism as much and as little as does the Wall street mind of New York, and cares about it in equal measure. If you wish to know how much that is, just interview the Wall street mind on the subject when it goes down town on elevated railroad trains in the morning. The information will "jar you."

And all the while one little fact, an item in the daily experience of every man, woman and child dwelling west of the Alleghany Mountain, has been confirming, if it did not originally create, the popular Western belief that Eastern banks control the entire money supply of the country, and manipulate it to suit themselves—always to the disadvantage of the West.

Start on a brief Western trip; keep your eyes open and your organs of smell in normal order: the little fact will enlist your interested attention. You go to your New York banker's before taking your train, and leave town with a pocket full of crisp, clean bills. By the time you have passed Chicago these decent bills have begun, one by one, to slip away from you at hotels and ticket offices, and your pockets have begun to fill up with cart-wheel dollars and filthy bills taken in change. At length, when you are well out on the plains, your supply of ready money consists of a lousy, leprous wad, unfit to be touched except with tongs and in the immediate presence of bi-chloride of mercury. In disgust you visit a local bank and ask for money that can't walk on all fours or multiply by fission. You never go but once, however, on that errand. You learn that you are a "gold bug" and an "Easterner" and that "Easterners" needn't look for "dude" money in the West, "because there ain't none."

This, then, is the fact. The richer you are, and the nearer you live to Fifth avenue, the cleaner is the pocket money that you handle. The poorer you are, and the farther west you live, until you approach the Pacific Coast, the viler is your filthy lucre. The Western population practically never handles new and handsome bills, save those brought by Eastern men in person. Knowing nothing of the processes of redemption and reissue, the West believes that the Eastern banks have power to keep clean money in the East and to ship the rags and sweepings to the West. Believing that the Eastern banks have power to control the distribution of money by qualities, the West naturally believes also that these same banks have power to control the distribution of money by quantities. And there you have Western monetary heresy full fledged.

Of course the further truth, which the West never sees, is this: To keep many tellers at work sorting out dirty bills, doing them up in bundles, shipping them to the Sub-Treasury, and getting back new bills is an expensive operation. Eastern banks do it; they can afford to do it, but the cost of doing it is a large item in the annual balance sheet. Western banks, as a rule, cannot afford to do it, and, as a rule, they do not attempt it.

Should not this expense be incurred and borne by the National Government? Congress has power to coin money and to regulate the value thereof. Has it not power to establish the decency thereof? The money in general circulation in this country is a national disgrace. National self-respect demands that, in this age of cheap paper and cheap printing, the circulating bills in the pockets of the people, as they become worn, be frequently renewed with fresh and clean ones. Such renewal would go far to establish sound views of money. It would be a concrete lesson, worth more than years of argument or tons of literature; for it would shatter the popular belief that the money supply is controlled by a syndicate of banks.

Cleanliness maintains a close relation to godliness, in public and in private habits.

*The Independent.*

THE Boer downfall is complete. But England's victory exposed England's weakness. Another such victory and England is undone.



## QUEEN OF THE BALL.

"Who's to be Queen of the Veiled Prophets' Ball?" is the question that now concerns the folks who make up what we call Society in St. Louis.

The Queen was finally selected last Friday night, after a tumultuous meeting which lasted well into the morning, and several times threatened to develop into a melee for the suppression of which the police would have to be summoned. There were more than a dozen candidates and there were three hundred and twenty Prophets present at the meeting to receive the report of the Queen Committee. The Committee's recommendation was discussed and substitutes innumerable for the report were offered, but the Committee won out, and the meeting finally came to an end with all the Prophets executing a war dance around the proud father of the fair victor.

The Queen for this year is pretty. She is the daughter of an eminent citizen, a man noted for his public spirit, for his taste in art and letters and for his general geniality. He is easily the most popular member of the Veiled Prophets' organization, and, in fact, is widely popular outside of that organization. He is one of the best known men in St. Louis. Further than what is herein hinted, the MIRROR cannot say without danger of disclosing the identity of the girl, to the discomfiture of the Prophets. It may be said, however, that the Queen this year will reign over a grander ball than ever before given, and one to which invitations are most difficult of attainment. The Prophets have spread themselves for the occasion and especially have they been diligent in making sure that the ball shall be attended by all the debutantes. The Matrons of the Court of Honor include among their number only those who have been willing to take an interest in the ball and they have gathered about themselves a great galaxy of maids of honor. The gowns are said to be the most gorgeous ever seen in St. Louis, while the souvenirs, or favors, which the Prophets will dispense to the members of the court, are said to be the most artistic specimens of *bijouterie* that have ever been selected for that purpose. In every detail the ball this year is to be the record affair. The people who have been "knocking" the Veiled Prophets organization will "knock" no more, after they see the results of this year's work.

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FOR D—D FOOLS!

The editor of the MIRROR has received a letter from a distinguished subscriber in Edgewater, Colorado, a gentleman well-known all over the country, concerning this paper's efforts to bring about reform in the government of St. Louis.

"I want to say a word," he says, "about your splendid courage in stirring up St. Louis. Even to me, no longer resident, it is vitally interesting and applicable, for its general spirit, to every American who lives in our boodle-bossed cities, I wish to God we had such another defender of purity in politics in New York.

"In my enforced segregation I read a great deal—it's the only thing I can do—and I came across the enclosed excerpt, which seemed so pertinent I could not forbear sending it to you."

The excerpt is from "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain; page 527 in the Osgood edition of 1883.

Twain, coming back to his old home at

Hannibal, Mo., after an absence of thirty years, goes to a hill back of the town where he is joined by an old resident, who does not recognize him. After many questions are asked by Twain about his boyhood companions, the talk runs as follows:

"I named another boy.

"Well now, his case is curious! There wasn't a human being in this town but knew that that boy was a perfect chuckle-head, perfect dummy, just a stuffed ass, as you may say. Well, if that boy isn't the first lawyer in the State of Missouri, to-day, I'm a Democrat!"

"Is that so?"

"It's actually so. I'm telling you the truth?"

"How do you account for it?"

"Account for it? There ain't any accounting for it, except that if you send a damned fool to St. Louis and you don't tell them that he's a damned fool, they'll never find it out. There's one thing sure—if I had a damned fool, I should know what to do with him: ship him to St. Louis—its the noblest market in the world for that kind of property. . . .

"Don't you think maybe it was the Hannibal people who were mistaken about the boy, and not the St. Louis people?"

"Oh! nonsense. The people here have known him from the very cradle—know him a hundred times better than the St. Louis idiots could have known him. So if you have got any damned fools that you want to realize on, take my advice, send them to St. Louis."

Finally, Twain inquires about himself.

"Him? Oh, he succeeded well enough—another case of damned fool. If they'd have sent him to St. Louis, he'd have succeeded sooner."

All of which shows that St. Louis had a reputation of its own, even in '82.

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Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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## PULLMANIA.

"There is a man somewhere in the employ of the Pullman Palace Car Company who has much to answer for," writes Edward Bok, in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. "He is the official who selects or decides the furnishings and hangings of the company's cars. Probably no single man in this country has the opportunity for so direct and helpful an influence in the extension of good taste in furnishings. Instead, he perpetrates upon the public furnishing schemes which even rival those which we see in the homes of the most unintelligent of the new-rich. The chief injury which the furnishing of the modern Pullman car works is the wrong standard which is set for those who are not conversant with what is artistic. The new-ricn come into these cars and accept the hideous effect as the standard of people of taste. I have been told by furnishing firms that they are often asked by those who have suddenly come into the possession of money that certain effects which they have seen in Pullman drawing-room cars shall be duplicated in their homes. These people, knowing no better, accept what they see in the cars, which are supposed to be patronized by people of means, as reflective of a prevailing standard. Color combinations, about as inharmonious as it is possible for the mind of man to concoct, have thus been transferred to the homes of the people, and here the injury is done."

## DIAMONDS,

Sterling Silver Tableware

AND

HIGH ART GOODS.

WE CARRY ONLY THE BEST \*\*\*

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Locust and Seventh Streets.

## THE MECHANICS' BANK,

Fourth and Pine Streets, St. Louis.

If you intend going to the PARIS EXPOSITION

Get a Letter of Credit or Travelers' Cheque from us

Safest and Most Convenient Way to  
Carry Money.

## WHISTLER'S CATECHISM.

James McNeill Whistler, the artist, has just come over from Paris for a few days. There is an exhibition of some of his eccentricities at one of the fashionable galleries just now. Whistler, as you know, prefers Paris to London. He comes here as seldom as possible. He has no use for the Royal Academy. He satirizes it whenever an opportunity presents. Only the other day, they say, he indited this caustic catechism, making fun of their great annual picture show. This catechism runs as follows:

"Is this the celebrated Academy?"

"It is."

"Where the greatest living painters exhibit their masterpiece?"

"Certainly."

"Should I remove my hat?"

"If it is tight."

"I mean as a mark of respect?"

"It will be sufficient if you leave your umbrella with the attendants."

"Where are the pictures?"

"Have patience. Push hard."

"What are all these people doing?"

"Gratifying their artistic instincts."

"How?"

"By looking at each other."

"And what are the men called who paint these pictures?"

"Industrious."

"But I mean they have some title, haven't they?"

"Academicians."

"Have they painted all these walls?"

"The dado and frieze are left for beginners."

"Is that all one picture over there?"

"Entirely."

"Who did it?"

"Orchardson."

"On purpose?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Who painted those ladies?"

"Sargent."

"From life?"

"So I understand."

"I should like to be an Academician, wouldn't you?"

"I should sooner go to lunch."—*Washington Post*.

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"Don't trifle with me, Miss McCurdy!" pleaded the young man, desperately. "Wait till I have finished. Do I need to tell you, after all these weeks, how completely and absolutely your image fills my heart? Have you not seen? Do you not know? Have I not betrayed myself by my looks, by the tones of my voice, by the eager joy that lights up my features whenever you appear? Must I put in words the feelings I can no more disguise than I can—"

"Mr. Whitgood," interrupted the young women, "are you in earnest?"

"Glycerine McCurdy," he said, drawing himself up with injured dignity, "do you think I'm doing this on a bet?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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At a certain cloth factory in Scotland it was the custom to fine the work-people for turning out bad work. One day a workman brought a piece of cloth to be examined, and the manager found two little holes about an inch apart. He then showed these to the man and demanded two shillings fine, a shilling for each hole. "Is it a shilling for each hole?" asked the man. "Yes," said the manager. "And is it the same for every hole, big or little?" "Yes, exactly the same," said the manager. "Well, then, I'll save a shilling," and putting his fingers in the holes, he quickly made the two into one.—*The Argonaut*.

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Fine Watches—Mermod &amp; Jaccard's



## SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, Hon. Henry Hitchcock has returned from Europe.

Mrs. John Morrison is entertaining a relative from Louisville, Ky.

Miss Sallie Boyce left last Tuesday to visit friends in Chicago.

Mrs. Ed. Rae and her little daughter have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kotany have returned from Kennebunkport, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thaw have returned from their summer tour.

Mr. and Mrs. James Washington Woods have removed to 3650 Lindell Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Griesedieck have returned from a four months' European tour.

Dr. and Mrs. T. G. Comstock, who have been abroad all summer, are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Spencer, who have spent the summer in Europe, returned last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Forster have returned from their tour of the fashionable watering places.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little and their daughter have returned from Biddeford Pool.

Mrs. Russell Harding of the Southern Hotel left last week to visit friends in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. John Scullin and her family have returned from St. Pauls, in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert have bought a house on West Belle place, and will move into it soon.

Miss Lillian Harrison and her mother are at home, after the summer on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Miss Clara Fletcher, of Webster Groves, has gone to Jefferson City to visit her aunt, Mrs. E. L. Edwards.

Mrs. E. T. Blomeyer, of Cape Girardeau, and her daughter, are guests of Mrs. J. M. Barton, of Iowa avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas W. Robert will go to housekeeping at 4626 West Belle about the first of October.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hamilton, of Maryland avenue, will return from their summering about the first of October.

Mr. Edgar Floyd-Jones, who has been abroad on his wheel, is now in Paris, and will sail for America on Nov. 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell Dudley of 4483 Washington Boulevard are entertaining Miss Julia Arnold, of Mexico, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of Vandeventer Place, are at Atlantic City where they will remain until cool weather.

Dr. and Mrs. Reed, of 4221 West Belle place, are entertaining their niece, Mrs. George Nandain, of Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Western Bascome have returned from the northern lakes, where they have been sojourning all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Feineman and family have returned home from Wisconsin where they have been all summer at the lakes.

Miss Clara Bain and Miss Mimi Berthold have returned from South Haven and a visit to Mrs. Delaney on the Michigan coast.

Mrs. Alexander De Menil and her son, Master George De Menil have returned from Atlantic City and Glen Summit Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hills, and Mr. Arthur Hills are at home, having spent several weeks in northern Illinois and Michigan.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Lawrence who have been all summer at Naragansett Pier left before the fire and are now at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. and James Guernsey, of Tower Grove Park, who are at Paw Paw Lake with their family, will not return until the first of October.

Mrs. Forrest Ferguson has returned from the sea shore, and is slowly regaining her health after a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Elliot and family, who have been all summer at Bear's Head, Mass., will return the latter part of the week.

A large wedding, which will take place at Mahler's Hall, on Olive street, on October 17th, is that of Miss Landau and Mr. Walter Isaacs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell, who have been all summer at Brighton Beach have entertained a number of St. Louis friends on their yacht.

Mrs. Soulard LaMotte and her little daughter, Miss Henrietta LaMotte, have returned from the Northern lakes, where they have been all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lucas, of Goodwood, are entertaining Miss Violet Niles of Washington, D. C., daughter of Commander Niles of the Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lemp, Jr., are receiving

congratulations upon the advent of a handsome little son who will be christened William J. Lemp 3rd.

Mrs. William Porteous and her two younger children will sail for America on the ninth of October, having spent the summer with relatives in Scotland.

Mrs. Adam Boeck has returned home from California. She was accompanied by her son, Mrs. Boeck is now entertaining her daughter, Mrs. David Ball of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crouch have returned to the city after having spent the summer at Shelter Island and Atlantic City. Miss Crouch will be one of the debutantes of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Speed Stephens of Boonville, Mo., are in the city with their daughter, Miss Martha Stephens. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Rowling of Charleston, Mo., are also in the city with friends.

Col. and Mrs. S. W. Fordyce, and Miss Jane Fordyce have returned from Spring Lake. The date of Miss Fordyce's marriage to Captain Stanley, has been announced as the 23rd of October.

Mrs. Dr. Goode, of Mobile, Ala., spent a few days here last week with friends, while en route to visit friends in Detroit, Mich. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Goode was entertained with a box party at the Century Theatre.

Miss Katharine Scudder, who has been for the past year abroad, is in the city for a short time, visiting her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Cunningham, of Locust street, while en route to her home in Pasadena, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaius Paddock chaperoned a party last Saturday on an outing to the Paddock country place in Illinois. The young people remained over Sunday. Among the party were Misses Paddock and Hull, Messrs. Homer.

Mr. John Roberts of Tennessee has been in the city for some time, making preparations for his wife and daughter, Mrs. C. W. Booker, who will arrive in a short time. They have taken a house on Forty-First and Washington avenue.

Mrs. Courtney Wallace of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Blanche Wallace, who have been all summer in Colorado, spent a few days with St. Louis friends last week, while en route home. A luncheon was given in their honor at the Southern Hotel by Mr. Will J. Thornton.

The wedding of Miss Anna Schoenlau and Mr. Otto G. Steiner took place on Wednesday evening at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. William Schoenlau of 1214 South 14th street. The wedding was a fashionable affair and there was a large attendance of guests.

Dr. and Mrs. Anselm Clark Robinson have sent out cards for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Ella Graham Robinson to Mr. Charles Hale Scarritt, president of the Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co., which will take place on Wednesday evening, October 3rd, at their home at 3402 Pine street. The "at home" cards enclosed are for Fridays in December, at 3402 Pine street.

Professor Ernest Garrison will leave Saturday evening for Indianapolis, Ind., to be married to Miss Annie Gaines Dye, the daughter of a prominent attorney of that city. The wedding will take place next Monday at the home of the bride. Among the well known St. Louisans who will go on to be present at the ceremony are Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Garrison, parents of the groom, Mrs. A. O. Garrison, and Misses Martha Boyle and Kate E. Frye.

Cards will be out in a short time for the marriage of Mr. Edwin H. Wagner, of the Columbia Lead Co., and Miss Corinne Shevlin, of Denver, Col. Miss Shevlin has been in mourning for her father for the past two years, and, although one of the prominent society people of her native city, has not been going out. The wedding will be a large and fashionable church affair. The engagement is the outcome of life-long friendship.

Miss Margaret E. Steber, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Louis A. Steber, of No. 5162 Kensington avenue, and Mr. Edwin S. Morall, of No. 5105 Kensington avenue, were married Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, the Reverend J. A. Doors, of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, officiating. There were no attendants and the ceremony was very simple. Only members of the immediate families were present.

The wedding of Miss Florence Kreher and Mr. H. A. Ramstetter of Springfield, Ill., took place on Wednesday morning at the home of the sister and brother-in-law of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ploeses of 5231 Washington Boulevard. The wedding was a very quiet affair and was witnessed by only a few relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Elmer of St. Paul's Episcopal

"Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods."

ON BROADWAY,  
Cor. Locust St.



For the Veiled Prophets ball, next Tuesday, we have mounted a number of Pearls and Diamonds in new, exclusive and most artistic designs.

## FOR LADIES.

|                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Diamond Tiaras.....     | \$ 50.00 to \$5000.00 |
| Diamond Aigrettes.....  | \$250.00 to \$3000.00 |
| Diamond Brooches.....   | \$ 25.00 to \$2500.00 |
| Jeweled Fans.....       | \$ 50.00 to \$ 500.00 |
| Jeweled Fan Chains..... | \$ 25.00 to \$1000.00 |

## FOR GENTLEMEN.

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| Genuine Pearl Studs, sets of 3.....                     | \$30.00 to \$150.00 |
| White Enamel Studs with Diamond Centers, sets of 3..... | \$30.00 to \$150.00 |
| White Enamel Sleeve Links and Studs to match.....       | \$13.00 to \$25.00  |
| White Enamel and Pearl Studs, sets of 3.....            | \$4.50 to \$25.00   |
| White Enamel Sleeve Links, per pair.....                | \$8.00 to \$50.00   |
| Gold Mounted and Solid Gold Fobs.....                   | \$5.00 to \$75.00   |

**Mermod & Jaccard's, BROADWAY,**  
Corner LOCUST.

Send for Catalogue—3000 Engravings—Mailed free.



## HEREDITY.

In a paper that has an interest bearing on theories of heredity, Prof. Karl Pearson discusses, in a recent volume of "The Proceedings of the Royal Society," the subject of the inheritance of characters which seem not to be controlled by selection, and may be taken as due to some law of inheritance as yet but imperfectly known. Says *The British Medical Journal*, in a notice of the article:

"He has investigated by mathematical analysis, so far as the nature of the subject allows, the inheritance of color in horses, and of eye color in man, and finds that in both the results do not conform with what would be expected from a blending of the characters of the ancestors in a direct line—are not in fact what would be expected under Weismann's theory of the continuity of the germ plasma and its subdivision. On the contrary, the offspring tends to take the character of the one parent to the exclusion of the other, and more frequently follows the male than the female ancestors; in other words, a prepotency of the male germinal material is often manifested. The persistence of family likeness handed down for several generations on the male side, in spite of the introduction of various strains upon the female side, seems to bear out these conclusions, which have an obvious and interesting bearing upon the inheritance of disease. It is the opinion of Dr. Savage that where a strong taint of insanity exists, no progressive dilution of the taint by intermarriage can be traced in successive generations, but that the individual either escapes altogether or experiences the full weight of the neurosis in some form or other. But it is rarely, if ever, possible to obtain the records of eight generations, as Professor Pearson has done with color, as such families die out long before these have been attained."

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Miss J. I. Lea,  
Scalp Treatment,  
304 Century Building.

The Doctor:—"Above all things, madam, your husband musn't worry. Perhaps you'd better not show him my bill just now."  
"But I did, Doctor, and it didn't make any difference. He said he knew he couldn't pay it anyway."

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.

## Navajo Indian Blankets

LEE W. BLEYER,

2523 Marcus Avenue,

Tel—Bell—Forest 132 Second Floor.  
Kinlock D. 1717

Call any time, or drop postal.



## WORLD OF WOMAN.

An institution with which St. Louisians are unfamiliar is the Business Woman's Club, with its pretty rooms on the eighth floor of the Holland Building. The membership is composed of business women. This does not include shop-girls. The members are book-keepers, cashiers, stenographers, insurance agents, editors of periodicals and women generally of independent station, who are their own bosses. There are seventy-five of them and a jolly, bright set they are as they gather at noon for their luncheon, or at six o'clock for supper. The club is practically only an eating club, but it promises to develop into a lounging club, if business folks can be said to have any time to lounge. The quarters of the club, already pleasant in arrangement and decoration, are now being further decorated, and the members are looking to a great future for the organization. The membership is to be increased as far as possible without any risk of the taking in of undesirable or uncongenial persons. The dues of the club are only \$5 per month, a sum just sufficient to furnish the members with a luncheon at a moderate cost and a supper at a few cents advance upon the cost of the luncheon. There is no "New Womanism," in the ridiculous phase of the phrase, at the St. Louis Business Woman's Club. The talk at a luncheon is not devoted to "problems." It is much the same sort of talk that goes on among gentlemen at their clubs, dealing with business or the events of the day. The Business Woman's Club has never yet had a squabble in its membership, which speaks volumes for the sound sense of the members. There has been no foolishness about any of the things like "smoking" or "cocktails" which, if we are to believe the papers devoted to gossip, have disrupted many women's clubs. The members meet socially and they are, of course, pledged to help one another and they are unanimous in a sentiment in favor of the enlargement of woman's sphere in business, but the rampant reform serpent has not yet entered this Adamless Eden. The lady members are now working to enlarge their club, and to that end they contemplate invoking the support of some of the large business concerns of St. Louis in the way of being represented in a business directory to be arranged by the Club. The Club deserves support.

The tendency toward the deferred marriage and the small family is a matter of common observation in the case of the more prosperous classes. That this tendency is already reaching the poorer classes is a fact not generally appreciated. Yet evidence of the fact is to be found where one is least likely to look for it; for example, in rural England. In urging relief for the crowded cottage of the village, no less than for the crowded tenement of the city, the *London Spectator* recently stated that inability to obtain a cottage for a reasonable rent has delayed the average village marriage "for three, five, and seven years." The young women of rural England—"to their credit be it spoken"—demand a home as a condition precedent of marriage. The old-time reckless carelessness in marriage has almost disappeared. "No good girls in a village now marry at seventeen," and the men often

postpone marriage "as late as their betters." In discussing the "new woman," whether she be the woman of liberal education, of independent aims, or of industrial freedom, emphasis is usually laid on the question, Will she refuse to marry? The other question, Will she postpone marriage? is ignored. When, for example, John Stuart Mill looked for "a great diminution of the evil of overpopulation" from the social and industrial independence of woman, he had in mind her refusal of marriage. This is pointed out by Professor Giddings, of Columbia, in his recent book, "Democracy and Empire." Professor Giddings holds that speculation on the probable influence of the higher education of woman upon the birth-rate of the cultivated classes is of small interest to society compared with the fact that many girls of the working classes are postponing marriage for a time on account of the opportunities now open to them for self-support. This fact has been verified by an investigation conducted under Col. Carroll D. Wright. In the cases of 17,427 representative working-women of twenty-two cities, 75 per cent of them being under twenty-five, it was found that 15,337 were single women. That is, as Professor Giddings says, "nearly or quite one-half of the working-women are at present single during several of the years in which, in former generations, women of the same class were rearing children." The sociological importance of this new attitude of the working-woman toward marriage is obviously great.

How the Chinese Minister at Washington, Wu Ting Fang, secured, when a young man and about to be married, the unusual privilege of seeing, before the wedding-day, the girl who was to be his wife, was told by him to several friends, a few days ago, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. "In China our young men do not select wives for themselves, but leave it to their parents," said he. "We know that our parents want us to be happy and we are willing to let them judge who will make a good wife. The young man is never permitted to see, before the ceremony, the one whom he is to marry. We have few unhappy marriages in China, and perhaps that is because we do not spend all the affection before marriage, as it seems to me the young people in America sometimes do. I was very anxious to see the girl my parents had chosen for me, but they told me it would be impossible to have an interview or even a formal meeting, and that I could not even see her. But after I had begged very hard they finally consented to let me have one look at her, and the permission overjoyed me. So, one day, I sat by a window, behind a blind which entirely hid me. After waiting a long time, three young women came down the street, and I was told that one of them was to be my future wife. 'But which one is she?' I demanded eagerly, and when I was told that it was the one on the outside I looked at her harder and with greater delight than I ever looked at anything else either before or since." The Minister was silent for a few moments, and his mind was evidently busy with the pleasant past. Then he said with a half-chuckle: "What I was curious to know, but couldn't find out, was whether the future Mrs. Wu knew I was looking at her. Oh, it was



## TRAINS TO CHICAGO.

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|----------------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| The Alton Limited.....     | 8:36 a. m.       | 4:30 p. m.      |
| Prairie State Express..... | 12:01 noon.      | 8:00 p. m.      |
| Palace Express.....        | 9:00 p. m.       | 7:15 a. m.      |
| Midnight Special.....      | 11:31 p. m.      | 8:00 a. m.      |

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entirely contrary to Chinese etiquette—entirely—but I shall never forget how happy I felt as my bride-to-be came so prettily up the street!"

The new lingerie designs from the Paris makers abound in latticed laced effects, in insertions and the little French underedges and ribbon rim devices that are the despair of the girl who is her own maid. Cross-barred dimity is the smartest material for the little French underwaists. Some of these end at the waist line, where they are gathered into a belt by inch-wide ribbon. Another design is for the "scarf" underwaist, a simple affair made in one piece and edged with lace. It is finished with long ends which tie in a soft bow at the bust. The craze is more than ever for handmade underwear. It may be as simple as you will, but it is fatal to modishness to countenance a machine-sewed chemise. The new "dream robes" are all more or less square-necked or made with yokes, which are finished with ruffles designed to give breadth at the shoulder. Satin petticoats gayly embroidered, or colored dimity ones, lead the models to be worn with autumn frocks. Garters are daring and flamboyant, and not to be ignored in the wardrobe of Mlle. la Mode. They are of shirred satin ribbon and are rosetted and buckled to a fantastic point.

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## REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy Future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-  
night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret:  
Is there one link within the Past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I  
can pledge to thee?

Dost there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouch'd, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is  
lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole;  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true  
mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine can not fulfill?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole  
life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my  
heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou  
wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not,—I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee, my Fate—  
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I  
would risk it all!

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

## A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I will not let you say a woman's part  
Must be to give exclusive love alone:  
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart  
Answers a thousand claims beside your own.

I love—what do I love? Earth and air  
Find space within my heart, and myriad  
things  
You would not deign to heed are cherish'd there,  
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer, with her ebb and flow  
Of light, and warmth, and music, that have  
nursed  
Her tender buds to blossoms . . . and you know  
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly, too, . . . but then  
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,  
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you return'd again,  
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the Stars like friends; so many nights  
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,  
Till I grew blind with tears . . . those far-off  
lights  
Could watch you, whom I long'd in vain to see.

I love the Flowers; happy hours lie  
Shut up within their petals close and fast;  
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I  
Keep every fragment of the golden past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise  
Seems like a crown upon my life,—to make  
It better worth the giving, and to raise  
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls;—I heard  
One speak of you but lately, and for days,  
Only to think of it, my soul was stirr'd  
In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you: all who owe  
Comfort to you; and I can find regret  
Even for those poorer hearts who once could  
know,  
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow,—I, who spare  
Love for all these? Do I not even hold  
My favorite books in special tender care,  
And prize them as a miser does his gold?—

The poets that you used to read to me  
While summer twilights faded in the sky;  
But most of all I think "Aurora Leigh,"  
Because—because—do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before  
I loved so many things?—Still you the best:—  
Dearest, remember that I love you more,  
Oh more a thousand times, than all the rest!

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

## INTERIOR DECORATION.

Individual taste in household decoration  
is never better indicated than in the special  
rooms which are now so much in vogue. In  
homes of refinement and elegance the fullest  
scope is given to the artists whose specialty  
is the fitting-up, so to speak, of such rooms.  
They do everything in wall decoration,  
curtains, carpets, rugs, furniture—thus  
making a picturesque apartment to "order"  
in any style. Such artists in St. Louis, who  
have done work in this line with most  
fortunate results, are Messrs. Theodore Marx  
and Harvey L. Jones, whose offices are in  
the Carleton Building.

## GREATEST CATASTROPHE.

The terrible tornado and great waves that  
destroyed Galveston constituted a tremendous  
natural catastrophe, but there was a greater  
catastrophe than that, a catastrophe that was  
probably the greatest that has ever befallen  
man, seventeen years ago. It was far worse  
and much more destructive of human life  
and vast territories than anything else of its  
kind of which history tells. This was the  
eruption, in 1883, of Krakatua, a volcano on  
an island of that name in the strait of Sunda,  
which connects the Java sea with the Indian  
ocean, between Java and Sumatra, East  
Indies. The catastrophe is described in the  
August *St. Nicholas*, by Dr. Eugene Murray  
Aaron.

To a height of over twenty miles, or one  
hundred and five thousand feet, Krakatua  
hurled a volume of pumice, in fine ash, that  
was literally wafted around the world. Large  
blocks of pumice, still quite warm, were  
picked up fifteen miles away. But even  
better is this mighty force illustrated when  
we learn that the whole northern part of the  
island, several square miles in extent, was  
completely blown out of sight, and where  
was formerly dry land are now sea soundings,  
at some points nearly one thousand feet in  
depth.

Even more irresistible must have seemed  
the mighty earthquake wave which overtook  
and drowned over thirty thousand people on  
neighboring islands, some literally hundreds  
of miles away. It was even noticed at the  
Cape of Good Hope, seven thousand five  
hundred miles away.

However, it seems that it is when we  
come to the deafening report or detonation  
of this unprecedented upburst in the earth's  
surface that its wonderful force is most im-  
pressed upon us. On the island of Rodri-  
guez, over toward Madagascar, 2,968 miles  
away, was heard, clearly and beyond doubt,  
the faint sound of the ear-splitting detona-  
tion in the strait of Sunda. In India, in  
Australia, and in every direction, literally for  
thousands of miles around, this sound was  
carried. At Karima, Java, 355 miles away,  
native boats put out to sea to look for some  
imaginary steamer that they felt sure must  
have exploded there.

Although not wonderful to most of us, to  
scientists the most remarkable feature of all  
of this most wonderful cataclysm known to  
man was the air-wave which proceeded from  
this awful explosion. Such a wave is



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recorded by instruments known as baro-  
graphs, wherever observatories, weather  
bureaus, or like organizations are repre-  
sented. And the air-wave is recorded as  
having encircled our globe three times before  
its marvelous force was finally spent.

So it is quite safe to say, when we are  
asked the question as to which of all the  
mighty manifestations of God's power in this  
world, thus far within the ken of science,  
has been the most stupendous, the most al-  
l-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation  
of Krakatua, in 1883, surpasses all else.

A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave  
that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard  
3,000 miles afar, and an air-shock hurled  
thrice around the earth—what more can be  
taught as testimony to the pent-up energies  
beneath our very feet?

Diamonds and precious stones remounted  
in our own factory. Designs and estimates  
furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. J.  
Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club  
building, Locust and Seventh streets.

While in a Paris restaurant lately Senator  
Depew sent a fee to the orchestra with the  
request that the band play the American na-  
tional air. After a brief consultation they  
struck up: "A Hot Time in the Old Town."



## NEW BOOKS.

The latest issues of the series of "Beacon Biographies" are devoted to "Sam Houston" and "Stonewall Jackson." Mrs. Sarah Barnwell Elliott writes the brisk story of the former, while Mr. Carl Hovey treats of the latter hero. The men were very dissimilar in many things, but they were surely alike in their grit and determination and their high conscientiousness. Houston was the broader, more human man. His faults lean to virtue's side. He was unconventionally picturesque, and had an attractive wildness about him. From Mrs. Elliott's little biography one gets an altogether charming, sketchy, idea of the founder of the Texan Republic, and he looms up as indeed a hero. His statesmanship and diplomacy, though crude, were strong, and attained their ends, while his patient, calculating generalship, culminating in the capture of Santa Anna, was really a magnificent piece of war craft, well worthy the admiration of "Old Hickory." There is a very powerful pathos in the depiction of the last days of Houston when he was the victim of a divided duty, as he conceived, between the State and the Nation. The portrayal of Houston's character throughout is handled with a vigorous sympathy, and the explanation of his strange flight from his wife and marriage with an Indian woman is, perhaps, as lucidly truthful as has ever been given. As one reads of the qualities of character in Houston it is not difficult to imagine that his spirit lives still in the heart of those sorely smitten Texans who are building a new Galveston on the ruins of the old. There is no more broadly heroic character in American history than Sam Houston, and it does anyone good to read about him founding an empire out of almost nothing. Mr. Hovey's story of "Stonewall Jackson" is excellently told. There is little extravagance of words. The story is as prim as the Sabbatarian, puritanical, iron-willed warrior himself. Jackson was less of a typical Southerner than any of the generals of the Confederacy. There was little of the cavalier about him. He was a Roundhead, if ever there was one. He was, nevertheless, beloved by his men. Brilliant as a soldier, he was not brilliant as a scholar. His motto, however, was "thorough." His tirelessness, his piety, his one-idealness in the prosecution of his military plans, his queer dullness when subordinate, and his splendid spirit when in command himself, his capacity for making his "foot cavalry" move with startling rapidity, his austere, academic, pedagogic style of directing things, his general Cromwellianism are all set forth graphically but succinctly in this handy booklet. There are gentle touches in the book also, as in the description of his interest in his baby, in the incident of keeping the light from a sleeping subordinate's eyes. The man was very close to a fanatic, and yet his men loved him devotedly, because he sent them no place he would not go himself, and put them to no hardship he did not share. The ironic pathos of his end seems to be fitting as one reads it. It was indeed true, as the preacher said, that God having decreed the downfall of the Confederacy had first to remove his servant, Stonewall Jackson.

These "Beacon Biographies" are valuable in themselves as brief, vivid, authentic sketches of master Americans, but they are more valuable by reason of the fact that each contains, at the end, an extensive biography of the subject, from which those interested

in further study of the great subjects can obtain the list of books to pursue their investigations. No set of books, contemporaneously published, is better fitted for putting into the hands of a boy who is just beginning to read. The volumes will greatly help to make a particularly fine quality of future Americans. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, 75 cents per volume.)

Ever since the day that the "Lady or the Tiger?" appeared to amuse and puzzle its readers, Frank R. Stockton has been in the front rank of the world's story-tellers. Of his remarkable fecundity, his originality, his repressed humor he has given manifold assurance. His latest book, "Afield and Afloat," is a collection of eleven short stories making a budget of over 400 pages. The first yarn, "The Buller-Podington Compact," is seriously funny and proves, as Mr. Stockton claims, the danger of forsaking a chosen element. Another story shows how a young couple secured a life-long bliss by the assistance of a New Orleans street-car mule and what they did for the mule. "The Governor General" is a good enough Spanish story, that, somehow, makes one think of the late Hispano-American war, while "The Skipper and El Capitan" is supposed to have occurred a year ago. "Old Applejoy's Ghost," is such a Christmas tale as Charles Dickens might have told, in different style, but with no finer smack of humor. And so with the others, of which it may be said that they are distinctively "Stocktonesque," for, as William Dean Howells said of Stockton, "I doubt if any author of our time stamps his personality so distinctly on his work." To while away an hour in genial company, try "Afield and Afloat." The book is well illustrated and put up in attractive form. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1 50.]

"The Middle Five," a series of sketches of Indian boys at school, is a book that ought to interest every American school-boy. The author, Mr. Francis La Flesche, who appropriately dedicates his book "To the universal boy," states in the preface that it was his object to present the companions of his own young days "to the children of the race that has become possessed of the land of my fathers." Himself an Omaha, and born in a "tepee," the author writes interestingly of the early days when the Missouri river was the only highway of commerce and the only communication between Nebraska (which he tells us is the Indian name for the Platte river) and St. Louis was by the little steamboats. This city was called "the Town of the Red Hair," in memory of the auburn locks of Governor Clark—of Lewis and Clark fame. "The Middle Five" was the style of a quintette of pupils at the Presbyterian Mission boarding school who came from the same village. Their sports and fights, their sayings and doings make a very readable story, for young folks especially. [Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.25.]

For a story of the ghostly kind, in which premonitions, a death's head moth, and a haunted house are among the "properties," Robert Burns Wilson's novel, entitled "Until the Day Break," certainly may be considered a success. Dabblers in psychic phenomena, not to say psychologists, will find in *Ruy Harrington*, the hero, a man after their own heart and, no doubt, thor-

oughly "mediumistic." He and his friend, Harry Ainsworth, were both deeply in love with Evelyn Weir, the heroine of the story. She chooses Ainsworth and is about to be married to him when he disappears entirely, and, after the lapse of a few years, she marries the other man. What happens to the hero just previous to the wedding, is the climax of the story and is really a very strong incident, although its force, the reader will find, has been lessened by the dream of *Harrington* related in a previous chapter. What happened to the missing man is also predicated by the story of his apparition which appeared to Evelyn. "It was Harry," she declared, "looking just like I saw him last, with the same suit of light gray; his head was uncovered, and his hair seemed blown and dishevelled . . . there was something wavering and uncertain about his figure, it seemed to sway with every movement of the air, etc." [p. 84.] This is the conventional ghost story; the only variant is that the lady seer neither fainted nor screamed. While ghosts have appeared often in novels, (and some folks believe outside of them) it remained for Mr. Wilson to use a moth with weird effect, as a messenger of death—and to attach a mystic quality to an Oriental flower. In the subordinate characters *Lubbock*, a publisher, and negroes (with dialect of a florid character) the author has been quite successful. It is hard to believe in the naturalness of a character as dreamy and hyper-sensitive and as unpractical as *Ruy Harrington*, though this dreaminess is the characteristic of the novel. As might have been expected of the author, who is a frequent contributor of verse to periodical literature, "Until the Day Break," has a few quite creditable original poems and some very good descriptions; indeed, the book is such as a poet rather than a novelist would have written. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1 50.]

This Week.

Opening Fall Exhibit,

## Imported Novelties

—for—

Women's, Misses' and Children's Wear.

Our Autumn Importations are now ready—they include many exclusive effects in Tailor-Made Gowns, Dress Skirts, Top Coats, Ulsters, Paletots, Capes and complete assortments of Velour and Velvet Blouses, Silk Waists, Dressing Sacques, Tea Gowns.

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Together with Original Shapes, Copies and Adaptations of the Latest Modes—the products of our own designers.

*Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney*

DRY GOODS COMPANY.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Brooks Adams has a very opportune book, "America's Economic Supremacy," which deals with the series of problems that have, since the panic of 1893, absorbed the attention of economic students.

Admirers of Hawthorne's charming story, "The Marble Faun" will be pleased to note that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce a new edition, in large type, with half-tone pictures of Roman buildings, statues, etc.

The popularity of "A Friend of Caesar," by William Stearns Davis, is indicated by the fact that it is being dramatized and will be staged in New York the coming winter. The Macmillan Company announce that the sixth edition is on the press for immediate publication.

It is intimated that in "The Bennett Twins," by Miss Grace Marguerite Hurd, which is a study of life in a certain New York art studio, there is a hint at personal characterization. It is in the Macmillan Company's list for this month.

Kentuckians, especially those who hail from the northern section of the State, will be interested in "Stringtown on the Pike," a new novel by John Uri Lloyd. The author describes life in the land of Daniel Boone from his own experience, Stringtown being Florence (on the Lexington "pike") a village south of Covington. Dodd, Mead & Co., are the publishers.

"In the Palace of the King; a Love Story of Old Madrid" is the title of F. Marion Crawford's new novel. The plot is laid at the period of the discovery of America.

Mr. Henry James calls his new volume of short stories "The Soft Side." It will be issued shortly by the Macmillan Company. There are twelve stories in the series.

The Macmillan Company, of New York and London, have just issued an attractively printed brochure entitled "Notes for the Guidance of Authors." While it consists of only 68 pages it covers a great deal of very useful information on the points likely to interest especially those who aspire to the glory of authorship. Variations in



spelling, use of capitals, quotation marks and other essentials in punctuation, how to prepare "copy" and how to correct "proofs" are all treated succinctly. Mr. William Stone Booth, the compiler has, within the limits of the work, thoroughly covered the essentials.

Colonel Thomas L. Livermore's "Numbers and Losses in the Civil War," is a timely addition to the United States Government's History of the War, in 128 volumes. It is based upon official records. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are the publishers.

Cassell & Co. Limited, New York, have just published a new and thoroughly revised edition of "The Story of the Heavens" by Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D., the Astronomer Royal of Ireland. It is a record of the recent discoveries in the world of astronomy.

No better way of inculcating patriotism in the rising generation can be devised than by such stories as "In the Hands of the Red Coats" by Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is a story of the Jersey ship and the Jersey shore during the war of the Revolution.

#### THE SPIERING QUARTET.

The Spiering Quartet announces its fourth season in St. Louis. The concerts will very likely again take place at Memorial Hall, the probable dates being November 14th, December 10th and January 30th. A number of interesting novelties will again be brought out by the Quartet. Already the subscription list is a large one, almost double the size of previous years. The Quartet, now in its eighth season, has reached that perfection of ensemble which is only attained by years of association, and which has placed it among the half dozen famous quartets of the world.

#### CONCERT AT THE ODEON.

The first of the popular organ recitals to be given at the Odeon Sunday afternoon, September 30th, includes the "March of Triumph," by Clark, Schumann's "Traumerei," and "The Storm at Sea," played by Alfred Robyn on the Odeon organ. Mr. Robyn will be assisted by Miss Jeanette MacClanahan, soprano; Miss Eugenia Getner, contralto; Mr. James J. Rohan, baritone; and Mr. Sidney Schiele, violinist.

#### TO TELL HER AGE.

Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are, but you can find out by following the sub-joined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring: Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2; then to add 5; then to multiply it by 50; then to add her age; then to subtract 365; then to add 115; then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will donate her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822; she is 22 years old and was born in the eighth month (August.)

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

The solo:—"Do you think there will be harmony at your next political gathering?" asked the friend. "Harmony!" echoed the boss. "The word is too mild. It implies that somebody besides me will have a voice in the proceedings. My friend, it'll be one grand, sweet solo."—*Washington Star.*

#### BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

Of baked beans, the genuine New England kind, Sallie Joy White writes at considerable length in the October *Woman's Home Companion*. This is the way she says the famous dish should be prepared:

"The best bean to use is the pea-bean—which is the smallest white bean that is grown. . . . A quart of the beans should be carefully picked over the night before they are to be used, and all the specked ones removed. If the beans are over a year old they may be soaked over night in cold water, the water being turned off in the early morning and renewed with fresh water. If the beans are not a year old they have not to be soaked over night, as they would grow too soft, and would break and become mushy when cooked, a result that is to be sedulously avoided. In the morning put them over the fire in cold water, and par-boil them very slightly. Allow the water to come just to a boil, then take them off, drain them through a colander, and pour cold water over them, rinsing them thoroughly. This not only rinses all the water from them in which they have been boiled, but gives them an additional firmness, which tends to prevent their breaking while in the process of further cooking. Furthermore, the beans will have a much more delicate flavor, and will be less likely to disagree with a person who has a delicate stomach or a tendency to dyspepsia.

"Lay a thin slice of fat salt pork on the bottom of the bean-pot, and on this a small onion; pour in the beans. Have ready a piece of salt pork weighing about half a pound, the rind scored every quarter of an inch, and put it in the pot with the beans, arranging it so that the top shall be even with the top of the beans and the rest buried in them. If the pork is very well salted, and partially lean, very little salt will be required—about one-third of a teaspoonful; but if it is fat use one full teaspoonful. Add one salt-spoonful of ground mustard, one heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar or two tablespoonfuls of molasses—more people prefer this to sugar, but it is a matter of taste—cover with cold water, set in a moderate oven, and bake from eight to ten hours slowly and steadily."

#### MINIATURES ON PORCLAIN.

A representative of the MIRROR called on Mr. Eduard E. Kaufer yesterday.

"How did you enjoy your visit to Europe?"

"Very much indeed, I needed a rest and recreation" said the artist, "but I am glad to be back again, and especially pleased to be back in St. Louis, where I have made many friends and patrons.

Mr. Kaufer said that the demand for high-art miniatures continues, and that portraiture on porcelain, ivory and enamelled surfaces is quite a rage among society folk in the great cities of the East, as much so in fact as in Europe.

Mr. Kaufer who was formerly in the Odeon building has removed his studio to the ground floor of the Hotel Beers.

Society stationery, in all the new tints, with monograms and crests stamped free, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

We are in receipt of the following inquiry: "Dear Editor—our cow has gone dry, do you think we could sell her for dride beef? If so, whear?"

## Upholstery and Curtain Work

In all its Finer Branches.

INTERIOR DECORATIONS,  
SPECIAL FURNITURE, RUGS AND CARPETS,  
LEADED GLASS.

THEODORE MARX & HARVEY L. JONES.

Offices, 900-903 Carleton Building.

Workshop, 3132 Olive Street.

Telephone, Bell, Main, 431 M.

HIGH-  
GRADE Book-Cases 33% to 40% Less Than Value.

3 CAR LOADS HERE.  
2 CAR LOADS Already Sold.  
2 CAR LOADS TO COME.

Entire Stock of Edinberg Cabinet Co.

Not old goods marked down, but  
newest designs and first-class make.

Quarter Oak Bookcase, Glass doors.  
Value \$10 Price \$6.50  
Quartered Oak Bookcase, double glass doors.  
Value \$18 Price \$12.50

Large size, double door, quarter oak or mahogany fin.  
Value \$20 Price \$14.50  
Fine Solid Mahogany Bookcase, heavy carved  
Value \$50 Price \$35.00

These Low Prices are Made that you may Visit Our New Stores.  
Positively the Freshest and Largest Stock of Fine and Medium Goods  
in Town. Prices Always Lowest—Quality Highest.

# Scarritt Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

Latest Fall Novelties in Jewelry

AT

## A. Kurtzeborn & Sons,

Jewelers,

310 North Sixth Street.

## POSTERS

We have just received a New Line of the Finest

Imported Posters

Call and see them.

Heffernan

Corner  
Eighth  
and  
Locust.

#### A CHEAP MAN.

The late Collis P. Huntington was never a hypocrite. A part of his business was to buy legislatures and he made no secret of it. Once he said, referring to a man high in the politics of California: "How much do you think that fellow is worth?" When his companion hesitated to answer he went on: "I bought him for \$500. He asked me for a certain bill. He was foolish enough to take a check, and I have the canceled voucher in my desk. So long as he is in politics he will do what I say. He is the cheapest man I know."—*Omaha Bee.*

## ODEON.

The Most Beautiful Hall in America.  
Series of Popular Concerts and Recitals on  
GREAT ORGAN

Under Direction of

ALFRED G. ROBYN

Assisted by Best Local talent.

First Concert Sunday Aft., Sept. 30, at 3:30.

Every evening during FAIR WEEK

Except Tuesday, at 8:30.

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Admission to all parts of the house, 25c.

Change of Programme at Each Concert.

Wedding Invitations—Finest engraving,  
best material, correct in form. Mermod &  
Jaccard's, Society Stationers, Broadway and  
Locust.



## THE STOCK MARKET.

There has been some interesting occurrences in the stock market in the last ten days. Owing to the decreasing bank reserves in New York, rising money rates, the serious aspect of the coal strike and political apprehensions, the financial institutions thought it advisable to curtail loaning accommodations and to force liquidation in securities. It was, therefore, a comparatively easy task for the bear contingent to depress values and create a good-sized scare among holders. At times, the market had quite a panicky appearance, owing to the tremendous volume of offerings in the industrial and traction list. The bull cliques were evidently making desperate efforts to sustain the value of their holdings of railroad stocks, but they could not prevent the slump in such stocks as Tennessee Coal & Iron, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Peoples Gas, American and Continental Tobacco, American Steel & Wire preferred and common, Colorado Fuel & Iron common, International Paper, Baltimore & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville and other stocks that have been known for a long time to rest on brittle foundations.

The rumors that the directors of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. would reduce the dividend rate on the stock in the near future were chiefly responsible for the big decline. The shares dropped from 69 to 53, without meeting any organized support. It is likely that the banks called in some of their loans, to strengthen their position, and thus precipitated liquidation by the pool that has, in the past two years, so successfully "milked the street," and made the movements of T. C. & I. both a sensation and a scandal. Only about a year ago, the stock sold at 126. Even at the current low level, the stock is dangerous to buy, as its intrinsic value is a metaphysical quantity and can not be determined by the public. It is reported that the late suicide of a prominent member of the Consolidated Exchange, of New York, was due to the collapse of the bull campaign in this stock. While the profits of the clique were swelled to enormous proportions, when the bears were compelled to cover their short lines at from 100 to 126, it is safe to assert that they have been more than offset by recent losses. The stock may rally several points in the near future, but that it will go still lower ultimately is as certain as that the sun will rise again to-morrow morning.

The bear attack and liquidation in Peoples Gas continue. This stock dropped to 82½, and there are good indications that it will go still lower, owing to the prolongation of the gas war in Chicago. About four weeks ago, the shares sold at 100½. The slashing of gas rates is making big inroads into the surplus of the company, and a reduction in the dividend rate is now staring shareholders in the face. In the last fiscal year, the company earned only a small margin over and above the 6 per cent. dividend rate, so that it will not take much of a falling off in earnings to induce a cut in the dividend.

In last week's MIRROR, reference was

## IMPERIAL

The New Stock Co. Direction of  
R. L. Giffen in

## THE GREAT RUBY.

CONTINUED  
WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 30th,  
By Popular Demand.

Company and play enthusiastically commended by press and public.

## THE GREAT ST. LOUIS FAIR!

Opens October 1.

FORTIETH ANNUAL FAIR.

Closes October 6.

COMPETITION OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Magnificent Aggregation of Brilliant Features This Year.

The Leading Live Stock Show of America.

SPACE AND ENTRIES FREE.

ONE FARE ROUND TRIP ON ALL RAILROADS,  
ESPECIALLY FOR THIS GREAT FAIR.

The Greatest, Most Comprehensive and Most Attractive Annual Fair on Earth. The Liberal Premium List More Liberal than ever This Year.

## ATTRACTIONS EXTRAORDINARY.

Grand international contest for the championship of the world on motorcycles and motortricycles, between the champion of France, Mons. Albert Champion and Kenneth A. Skinner, of Boston, champion of America.

One-mile, five-mile and twenty-five mile races on the mile track. These vehicles are whirlwinds of speed, and last week at Chicago made a mile in one minute and six seconds. There will also be a mile race between Mons. Albert Champion and a thoroughbred race horse, the horse to receive a start of about one-eighth of a mile.

These novel, interesting and speedy contests will take place Wednesday, October 3, and "Big Thursday," October 4.

Interstate Automobile race between Buffalo and St. Louis machines, fifteen miles on the mile track.

Harness Races on Mile Track, Tuesday, October 2, to Friday, October 5, inclusive. \$6,000 in Purses.

The Speediest Horses in the West will Compete. First time in St. Louis.

SPECIAL—Match Race for \$5,000 between the celebrated and popular stallion Joe Patchen, record 2:01¼, and the phenomenal California pacer, Anaconda, record 2:32¼, will take place on mile track, either Wednesday or "Big Thursday," of Fair Week.

General Admission, 50 cents. Monday Oct. 1, Children's Day.

ROBERT AULL, PRESIDENT.

All Children  
Admitted Free.  
JOS. A. MURPHY, SECRETARY.

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK.

NEXT SUNDAY.

A

Runaway  
Girl.

Mats. Wednesday  
and Saturday.

Better and Brighter  
Than Ever.

Come and "Listen  
to the Band."

CHAUNCEY  
OLCOTT

IN

"Mavour-  
neen."

Mats. Wednesday,  
Thursday and  
Saturday.

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.

NEXT SUNDAY.

DANIEL  
FROHMAN'S  
COMPANY

(formerly of the  
Lyceum now  
Daly's Theater, N. Y.  
Wed. Mat. and Wed.  
night

"The Maneuvers of  
Jane."

Thursday night

"The Ambassador."

Fri and Sat nights and  
Saturday Matinee

"Wheels Within Wheels."

F. C. Whitney and  
Edwin Knowles'

QUO

VADIS.

Four Matinees

Tues., Wed., Thurs.  
and Saturday.

Seats on sale Thurs.

## Cherokee Garden

CHEROKEE STREET,

From Iowa to California avenues.

A Cool and Refreshing Resort,

Universally famous for its  
SCHMIERKASE.

Convenient to all Street Cars running through  
South St. Louis.

## 17th ANNUAL ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION,

September 17 to October 20, 1900.

TWO AIR-SHIPS WILL FLY DAILY  
IN COLISEUM.

FOUR CONCERTS DAILY BY SEYMOUR'S FAMOUS 50.

TISSOT'S 450 PAINTINGS OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

Of these paintings Archbishop Corrigan said: "I know in Art nothing more beautiful or better fitted to impress the devout soul. The New York Tribune said: "We are awed by the divinity interpreted in these remarkable works of art." Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis said: "He has unveiled the Christ as a genial, radiant figure, the most lovable person in history." Rev. Warren P. Bihan, of Chicago, said: "Tissot has produced the greatest Biography of Christ."

## MARVELOUS ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN

in Coliseum with Living Statues. The most wonderful Electric Fountain ever made. Amateur Photographs, Decorated China Painting, New Exhibits, Belgian Hares, Etc.

ADMISSION TO ALL OF ABOVE, 25c. CHILDREN UNDER 12, 10c; UNDER 6, FREE

Four performances daily in Music Hall of Hopkins' High-Class Vaudeville, 150 Dogs, 20 Ponies, Trained Cats, Adele Purvis Onri, Tille's Marionettes, etc. Admission, 10c, 2c and 30c. In Basement—Mannograph hourly, Sorcho's Deep Sea Divers, Shooting Gallery, Fish Tanks, etc.

## 6==RACES==6

## Kinloch Park!

RAIN OR SHINE.

Wabash Trains leave Union Station for Kinloch at 1:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m. (Saturdays only), 1:45 p. m. Leave Foot of Olive Street at 11:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:55 p. m. and 4:15 p. m.

Suburban Trains leave Wells Station every Five Minutes.

Admission, including Round Trip over Wabash Railway, \$1.00

## BOOKS

All the late Cloth  
and Paper Bound  
Books can be  
found at . . .

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE,  
307 NORTH FOURTH ST.

## THE STANDARD

The Vaudeville House of the West.

Night at 8. Matinee Every Day at 2.

## BON TON BURLESQUERS.

The Bill Includes  
DAVE NOWLIN,  
The Juvenile Mimic.]

MLLE. DAZZIA,  
BYRON AND LANGDON.  
SHAYNE AND WORDEN,  
Travesty Stars.

GLADYS VAN,  
"The Red Soubrette."

BARRETT BROTHERS,  
Celtic Wits.

VIOLA SHELDON,  
The Southern Song Bird, and others.

Commencing Sunday Matinee,  
September 30,

## HIGH ROLLERS.



# ST. LOUIS TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

THOS. H. WEST, President.  
HENRY C. HAARSTICK, Vice-Pres't.  
JOHN A. SCUDDER, 2d Vice-Pres't.  
JOHN D. FILLEY, Secretary.  
ALLEN T. WEST, Ass't Secretary.  
A. C. STEWART, Counsel.  
ISAAC H. ORR, Trust Officer.

Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

## RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,  
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GAYLORD, BLESSING &amp; CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing &amp; Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

## CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

|                    | Coup. | When Due.    | Quoted   |
|--------------------|-------|--------------|----------|
| Gas Co. 4          | J. D. | June 1, 1905 | 102 -104 |
| Park 6             | A. O. | April, 1905  | 111 -113 |
| Property (Cur.) 6  | A. O. | Apr 10, 1906 | 111 -113 |
| Renewal (Gld) 3.65 | J. D. | Jun 25, 1907 | 103 -104 |
| " 4                | A. O. | Apr 10, 1908 | 105 -107 |
| " 3 1/2            | J. D. | Dec., 1909   | 102 -103 |
| " 3 1/2            | J. J. | July 1, 1912 | 113 -114 |
| " 3 1/2            | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1912 | 106 -107 |
| " 3 1/2            | M. S. | June 2, 1912 | 104 -106 |
| " St'r'g. 100 4    | M. N. | Nov. 2, 1911 | 107 -109 |
| " (Gld) 4          | M. N. | Nov. 1, 1913 | 108 -110 |
| " 4                | A. O. | June 1, 1914 | 109 -110 |
| " 3.65             | M. N. | May 1, 1915  | 105 -108 |
| " 3 1/2            | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1918 | 104 -105 |

Interest to seller.

Total debt about.....\$18,856,277  
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

## ST. JOSEPH, MO.

|           |       |              |          |
|-----------|-------|--------------|----------|
| Funding 4 | F. A. | Feb. 1, 1901 | 100 -101 |
| " 6       | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1903 | 105 -107 |
| School 5  | F. A. | Aug. 1, 1908 | 100 -102 |
| " 4       | A. O. | Apr 1, 1914  | 102 -103 |
| " 4 5-20  | M. S. | Mar. 1, 1918 | 102 -103 |
| " 4 10-20 | M. S. | Mch. 1, 1918 | 103 -105 |
| " 4 15-20 | M. S. | Mch. 1, 1918 | 104 -105 |
| " 4       | M. S. | Mch. 1, 1918 | 105 -106 |

## MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

|                                | When Due. | Price.           |
|--------------------------------|-----------|------------------|
| Alton Bridge 5a                | 1913      | 70 - 80          |
| Carondelet Gas 6s              | 1902      | 101 -103         |
| Century Building 1st 6s        | 1916      | 97 -100          |
| Century Building 2d 6s         | 1917      | -- 60            |
| Commercial Building 1st        | 1907      | 101 -103         |
| Consolidated Coal 6s           | 1911      | 90 - 95          |
| Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10  | 1904      | 99 -101          |
| Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.   | 1928      | 95 - 99          |
| Laclede Gas 1st 5a             | 1919      | 107 -118         |
| Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s   | 1929      | 115 -116         |
| Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s   | 1930      | 113 -115         |
| Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s         | 1921      | 115 -118         |
| Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5a    | 1927      | 90 - 92          |
| St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5a | 1906      | 100 -            |
| St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s     | 1914      | 100 1/2 -100 3/4 |
| St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s       | 1910      | 87 - 90          |
| St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s    | 1912      | 89 - 92          |
| Union Stock Yards 1st 6s       | 1899      | Called           |
| Union Dairy 1st 5a             | 1901      | 100 -102         |
| Union Trust Building 1st 6s    | 1913      | 98 -101          |
| Union Trust Building 2d 6s     | 1908      | 75 - 85          |

## BANK STOCKS.

|                   | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.   |
|-------------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| American Exch.    | \$30     | June, '00, 8 SA         | 200 -205 |
| Boatmen's         | 100      | July '00 8 1/4 SA       | 183 -188 |
| Bremen Sav.       | 100      | July 1900 6 SA          | 140 -150 |
| Continental       | 100      | June '00, 8 1/4 SA      | 169 -171 |
| Fourth National   | 100      | Nov '00 Sp. c. SA       | 205 -210 |
| Franklin          | 100      | June '00, 4 SA          | 156 -159 |
| German Savings    | 100      | July 1900, 6 SA         | 275 -285 |
| German-Amer.      | 100      | July 1900, 20 SA        | 760 -800 |
| International     | 100      | July 1900 1 1/4 qy      | 130 -132 |
| Jefferson         | 100      | Jan. 1900, 3            | 100 -110 |
| Lafayette         | 100      | July 1900, 5 SA         | 403 -404 |
| Mechanics         | 100      | Oct. 1900, 2 qy         | 200 -204 |
| Merch.-Laclede    | 100      | Sept. 1900, 1 1/4 qy    | 130 -135 |
| Northwestern      | 100      | July 1900, 4 SA         | 135 -155 |
| Nat. Bank Com.    | 100      | July 1900, 2 1/2 qy     | 240 -245 |
| South Side        | 100      | May 1900, 8 SA          | 119 -122 |
| Safe Dep. Sav. Bk | 100      | Apr. 1900, 8 SA         | 135 -137 |
| Southern com.     | 100      | Jan. 1900, 5            | 90 -100  |
| State National    | 100      | June 1900 1 1/4 qy      | 158 -162 |
| Third National    | 100      | June 1900, 1 1/4 qy     | 147 -148 |

\*Quoted 100 for par.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. We are connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

## TRUST STOCKS.

|            | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.   |
|------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| Lincoln    | 100      | June '99, S.A. 3        | 143 -147 |
| Miss. Va.  | 100      | Oct. '00, 2 1/4 qy      | 250 -292 |
| St. Louis  | 100      | Oct '00, 1 1/4 qy       | 222 -230 |
| " Union    | 100      | Nov., '98, 5            | 230 -235 |
| Mercantile | 100      |                         | 149 -151 |

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

|                       | Coupons.        | Price.                |
|-----------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Cass Av. & F. G.      | J. & J.         | 1912 101 -102         |
| 10-20s 5a             | Oct. '93 4      | 100 -                 |
| Citizens              | J. & J.         | 1907 110 -111         |
| 20s 6s                | J. & J.         | 1907 110 -111         |
| Jefferson Ave.        | Dec. '88        |                       |
| 10s 5s                | M. & N. 2       | 1905 '05 -107         |
| Lindell 20s 5s        | F. & A.         | 1911 108 -109         |
| Comp. Heights U.D. 6s | J. & J.         | 1913 116 -118         |
| do Taylor Ave. 6s     | J. & J.         | 1913 116 -118         |
| Mo 1st Mtg 5a 5-10s   | M. & N.         | 1896 105 -106         |
| People's              | Dec. '89 50c    |                       |
| do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s    | J. & D.         | 1912 98 -103          |
| do 2d Mtg. 7s         | M. & N.         | 1902 98 -103          |
| St. L. & E. St. L.    | Monthly 2p      | 100 -                 |
| do 1st 6s             | J. & J.         | 1925 103 -107         |
| St. Louis             | Apr 00 1 1/4 SA | 130 -150              |
| do 1st 5s 5-20s       | M. & N.         | 1910 100 -101         |
| do Baden-St. L. 5s    | J. & J.         | 1913 100 -102         |
| St. L. & Sub.         |                 | 77 - 78               |
| do Con. 5s            | F. & A.         | 1921 104 1/2 -105 1/2 |
| do Cable & Wt. 6s     | M. & N.         | 1914 117 -120         |
| do Merimac Rv. 6s     | M. & N.         | 1916 116 -117         |
| do Incomes 5s         |                 | 1914 90 - 92          |
| Southern 1st 6s       | M. & N.         | 1904 106 -109         |
| do 2d 25s 6s          |                 | 1909 109 -111         |
| do Gen. Mtg. 5s       | F. & A.         | 1916 107 -108         |
| do 1st 10-20s 6s      | J. & D.         | 1910 100 -102         |
| do 2d 25s 6s          | J. & D.         | 1918 128 -125         |
| Mound City 10-20s 6s  | J. & J.         | 1910 103 -104         |
| United Ry's Pfd.      | July '00 1 1/4  | 64 - 65               |
| " 4 p.c. 50s          | J & J           | 83 - 84               |
| St. Louis Transit     |                 | 18 - 19               |

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

|                | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.  |
|----------------|----------|-------------------------|---------|
| American Cent. | 25       | Jan. 1900 4 SA          | 42 - 43 |

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

|                    | Par val. | Last Dividend Per Cent. | Price.      |
|--------------------|----------|-------------------------|-------------|
| Am. Lin Oil Com.   | 100      |                         | 9 - 10      |
| " Pfd.             | 100      | Aug. 1900 1 1/4 qy      | 50 - 52     |
| Am. Car. Pfd. Co   | 100      | July 1900 1/2           | 14 - 15     |
| " " Pfd            | 100      | July 1900 1 1/4 qy      | 57 - 59     |
| Bell Telephone     | 100      | July 1900 2 qy          | 138 -141    |
| Bonne Terre F. C   | 100      | May '96, 2              | 3 - 4       |
| Central Lead Co    | 100      | Mar. 1900, MO.          | 126 -135    |
| Consol. Coal       | 100      | July, '97, 1            | 9 - 11      |
| Doe Run Min. Co    | 10       | Mar. 1900, 1/4 MO       | 125 -135    |
| Granite Bl. Metal. | 100      |                         | 260 -270    |
| Hydraulic P.B. Co  | 100      | July 1900, 1 qy         | 85 - 90     |
| K. & T. Coal Co.   | 100      | Feb., '99, 1            | 45 - 55     |
| Kennard Com.       | 100      | Feb. 1900 A. 10         | 103 -107    |
| Kennard Pfd.       | 100      | Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/4      | 100 -104    |
| Laclede Gas, com   | 100      | Sept. 1900 2 SA         | 67 - 68     |
| Laclede Gas, pf.   | 100      | June '99 SA             | 98 -100     |
| Mo. Edison Pfd.    | 100      |                         | 50 - 62     |
| Mo. Edison com.    | 100      |                         | 14 - 16     |
| Nat. Stock Yards   | 100      | July '00 1 1/4 qy       | 180 -105    |
| Schultz Belting    | 100      | July '00, qy 1 1/4      | 115 - 90    |
| Simmons Hdw Co     | 100      | Feb., 1900, 8 A         | 115 -118    |
| Simmons do pf.     | 100      | Aug. 1900, 3 1/4 SA     | 139 -141    |
| Simmons do 2 pf.   | 100      | Sept. 1900              | 138 -141    |
| St. Joseph L. Co.  | 10       | Sept. 1900 1 1/4 qy     | 13 1/2 - 14 |
| St. L. Brew Pfd.   | 10       | Jan., '00, 4 p. c.      | 67 - 68 1/2 |
| St. L. Brew Com.   | 10       | Jan., '99, 3 p. c.      | 63 - 64     |
| St. L. Cot. Comp   | 100      | Sept., '94, 4           | 30 - 34     |
| St. L. Exposit'n   | 100      | Dec., '98, 2            | 2 - 3       |
| St. L. Transfer Co | 100      | July 1900, 1 qy         | 64 - 69     |
| Union Dairy        | 100      | Aug., '00, 1 1/4 SA     | 110 -115    |
| Wiggins Fer. Co.   | 100      | July '00, qy            | 220 -230    |
| Westhaus Brake     | 50       | July 1900, 7 1/2        | 180 -181    |

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,  
Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

had to the selling of New York traction stocks by the Tammany Hall "Indians." Richard Croker's threat has since been made good, as Brooklyn Rapid Transit declined from 51 3/4 to 48; Manhattan from 88 to 84 1/2 and Metropolitan from 152 to 145 3/4. These stocks are no longer popular; every rally provokes heavy selling for both accounts, and the bears are confident that lower prices are a certainty. In spite of this, however, the public will do well in leaving them alone, and in not selling them, no matter what promises may be held out by the bear cliques. They have a pernicious and very vexing habit of going up when least expected and when everybody has become the proud possessor of a good-sized short line at the bottom.

The news from the Pennsylvania strike regions had a depressing effect on the coal stocks, especially Reading, Jersey Central and Delaware and Hudson issues. Reading first preferred fell to 50 1/2, Jersey Central to 126 3/4 and D. & H. to 106. There has been a little recovery since, but it is safe to predict that no decided advance will take place until there is a fair prospect of a settlement of the troubles. The pools in the coal stocks had a very trying time in the past three weeks. It is known that Del., L. & Western and Reading first preferred are practically "cornered," and that the pools are compelled to absorb all offerings, in order to maintain values. A speedy termination of the strike will probably prevent a repetition of the Tennessee C. & Iron and Brooklyn Rapid Transit collapse in the near future, but that the coal stocks will eventually go considerably lower will be admitted by all conservative speculators.

While, for the time being, sentiment is predominantly bearish, and everything seems to favor lower prices, the public should be very cautious and sell only, if at all, at sharp rallies. Wall street operators are habitually trying to bamboozle the public. They may now be spreading another net by recommending sales of stocks. As a rule, it is not advisable to sell after such a sharp decline as we witnessed in the last two weeks. There is a good deal of talk of higher money-rates, and an indefinite prolongation of the coal strike, together with lugubrious vaticinations about the election. It is likely, however, that a good deal has already been discounted. Plans are now being laid for an advance in prices, either before or after the election, and bears should therefore not become too enthusiastic on the short side. After Republican

triumph has been fully discounted, the bears will have another chance, for the lowest prices have not as yet been seen. The reaction that commenced in May, 1899, will continue further, although it will be interrupted, now and then, by a more or less sharp rebound.

Money rates in European markets are hardening again, and there have been heavy shipments of gold from London to Berlin, the shipments representing payment of sterling exchange on London forwarded from New York to Berlin, to cover subscriptions to the new German loan. One of the governors of the Bank of England is authority for the prediction that the reserves of that great institution will experience a material shrinkage between now and December 31st, and a lowering of the official discount-rate is, therefore, out of the question. The speculative markets in Germany are still demoralized, and the shrinkage in the value of industrial issues continues. The London stock markets, while fairly steady, are exceedingly dull and featureless.

The New York bank reserves exhibited another decrease last Saturday, and the banks now hold about \$16,000,000 above legal requirements. Money rates are a little firmer, but there is as yet no sign of any serious disturbance. Owing to the presidential campaign, the administration will not permit of any convulsions in either money or security markets between now and November the 6th.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

The principal feature of the local security market, in the past week, has been a further reaction in street railway issues. St. Louis Transit dropped to below 20, and is now quoted at 19 1/2 bid, 19 3/4 asked. One share sold at 19. United Railways preferred stock is selling at 65, and the 4 per cent. bonds are quoted at 84 bid, 84 1/4 asked.

Mining stocks are again a little lower. At the recent high prices, there was good selling. Granite-Bimetallic is now quoted at 3.65. Lead stocks are dull and show little change in quotations.

There have been no transactions in either bank or trust company shares for some days. Continental National is 171 asked, while 220 is bid for St. Louis Trust. Third National is firm at 148 asked.

Bank clearances in St. Louis continue large. Of the five principal cities, St. Louis was the only city to show an increase in weekly clearances last Saturday. The demand for funds is heavy, and interest rates are steady at from 5 to 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is lower, being quoted at 4.87 3/8; Berlin is quoted at 95 1/2, and Paris at 5.15 3/8.

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.

4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

## DIRECTORS.

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## AT THE PLAY.

## THE NEW STOCK COMPANY.

St. Louis has again a Stock company. Not an aggregation made up of people gathered from the highways and byways to fill in time between vaudeville acts, but a complete, competent company of players, whose work will interest not the unsophisticated alone, but also the most knowing and blasé of theatre goers.

"Under the direction of R. L. Giffen," is a line which appears in modest type on the Imperial Theatre programmes, and this is, to the follower of local things theatrical, a guarantee that the new organization is composed of actors well fitted for the parts they are called upon to play, that the performances will give evidence of careful rehearsing, and that the scenic environment will be adequate. Now as to the personnel of the new company. Miss Maude Odell, already favorably known to St. Louis play-goers, is a leading woman with every qualification for her position. She has a fine presence, dramatic power, a rich, strong, well-managed speaking voice, and has already demonstrated her versatility. In "The Great Ruby," the initial offering at The Imperial, she appears as *Lady Garnett* an English tradesman's wife, with social aspirations, and the role is so amusingly and so cleverly pictured, that, had the playwright been working on a higher plane, it would rank as a first class character study.

Miss Louise Douglas has a personality of much charm and grace and a refinement and elegance of speech and manner which indicate that she is more at home in the higher comedies and dramas than in melodrama. However, as the *Countess Mirtza*, a Russian adventuress, she acts with distinction, now and again employs a dialect, and drapes her tall, slender form in handsome becoming gowns. That tiny bit of Sevres, Grayce Scott, is an ideal ingenue and though *Louisa Jupp* is entirely too ordinary a person to show this sweet, winsome morsel of femininity at her best, her appealing, ivy-and-oak manner wins parquet and gallery alike.

E. J. Ratcliffe is a good actor—one of the best ever engaged in stock work in this city. His *Prince Kassim* is admirable in every way. It shows intelligence, self-repression in even its most melodramatic moments, and convinces almost in spite of its author. The new leading man was cordially received and loudly cheered during the progress of the play and his performance fully merited all the enthusiasm it aroused.

Donald Bowles is a juvenile who is destined to become a great favorite with the Imperial clientele, and De Witt C. Jennings and N. Sheldon Lewis give a good account of themselves as *James Brett*, a detective, and *Morris Longman*, leader of the gang of thieves, respectively. John D. Ravold distinguished himself in this gathering by his forceful performance of the part of a ruffianly crook of the *Bill Sykes* type. Others who did good work are Miss Lucille LaVerne, in an eccentric character bit, Miss Grace Estelle Clark, as *Brenda Elsmere*, and George Flood, as *Hartopp*, a familiar stage type of the brainless nobleman.

In a play calling for some thirty-eight people for speaking parts, there are bound to be some "lobsters," and the real article is found in the cast of "The Great Ruby," but the principal members of the cast—the people who will be with us week after week

Our fall stock is complete and you are respectfully invited to inspect same.

We have all the newest shapes and shades, including the Dunlap, Knox, Youman and Miller blocks.

—are all up to the mark, and frequently far above it.

As for the play itself—it is a melodrama, and pretends to be nothing else. It is, however, one of the best of the English plays of this class, and unconventional as to story, and novel as to effects. Strange to say, there is neither the betrayed village beauty, nor the poverty-stricken, persecuted hero and heroine. There is no mysterious murder, and not even a hidden will, so it will be seen at once that, though a rousing good old melodrama, it is written along new lines.

The scenery is quite elaborate, though this has its disadvantages, as the waits, owing to the nature of the settings, were long enough to try Job's patience and dragged out the performance to the length of a Wagner music drama. Then some of the sensational features, especially the four in hand driven on the stage and the automobile, threatened to demolish "a village street and the Pack Horse Inn." The balloon behaved very well and assisted in one of the most thrilling episodes of the piece. Altogether "The Great Ruby" is a big show, well worth seeing as presented by Mr. Giffen's company. *The Lounger.*

## "THE MANEUVERS OF JANE"

It's a great pity that there are not more plays written like "The Maneuvers of Jane," at the Olympic this week. There isn't a nasty thought or a dubious line in it. It's a great pity that there are not more companies like the Lyceum Company. Watching the work of its members one begins to suspect that there is some justification for calling acting an Art. Really, such a play and such players rehabilitate the theater in public estimation, after the long period in which the stage has been debauched by filth and vulgarity and silliness, domestic and imported. "Wholly delightful" is the verdict of everyone who has seen the performances of the Lyceum Company.

But why haven't we heard more of Elizabeth Tyree! She's the lovely One. She is pretty of face, with a piquant prettiness. She is of exquisite form. She is a creature of grace. She wears her gowns most becomingly, easily, and as if the gowns were part of the woman. And she can act. Her acting makes one feel good. She's so girlish, yet so womanly. She's most pleas-

antly Protean in her phases, and the phases ripple into one another so naturally! She has brilliance and warmth. She is interesting in a way quite distinct from her good looks or her good acting. There seems, somehow, to be a winsome, tender goodness about herself. And the Aprilian charm is over all she is and says and does. Miss Elizabeth Tyree is altogether felicitous in her role of *Jane*, and so much so that it is possible only to declare her attraction—there is no use trying to explain or analyze her methods. The thing to do is simply to go to the theatre and render up yourself to her.

Miss Hilda Spong is another striking woman who carries excellently several very difficult comedy scenes. Misses Blanche Kelleher and Alison Skipworth seemed, in small parts, to illustrate the perfection of the company's artistic equipment. And dear old Mrs. Walcott is, of course, herself, while her husband is the same naturalistic thespian he has been for so many years.

Mr. Courtenay is handsome, and Mr. Jamison Lee Finney is resistlessly funny, and Mr. William F. Owen is effectively cholericly paternal. Indeed every member of the company deserves praise. 'Tis a great group, and Miss Tyree—but one can't trust the pen of criticism when she's the theme, for the ink runs rapture.

*The Deadhead*

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Mr. Chauncey Olcott, in "Mavourneen," under the management of Mr. Augustus Pitou, will commence an engagement at the Century Theater next Sunday evening, September 30. The admirers of this bright, young comedian, for whom has been claimed a fair share of the qualities that made Emmet, Scanlan and Boucicault popular, will welcome his return to St. Louis. The play is splendidly mounted, and the scenery is most artistic. Attractive features of the play will be a rural dance by pretty Irish girls in the first, and a stately minuet by ladies and gentlemen in court costume in the third act. There will be special matinees Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Commencing next Sunday evening, September 30th, at the Olympic, the standard version of "Quo Vadis" (translated from Sienkiewicz' famous story by Stanislaus Stange) will be presented by the excellent company of Messrs. F. C. Whitney and Edwin Knowles, which won so much popular favor when they were here last season. There have been but two changes in the cast. Arthur Forrest, as Petronius, Edmund D. Lyons, as Nero, Richard



The Store that makes Fancy Shirts to your measure for \$1.50 each.  
Exclusive Haberdashers charge you \$2.50 and \$3.00. REMEMBER!

## WEAR MORGAN'S HATS THAT R HATS

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Our customers know that this is no store for fancy prices. We guarantee the price of our hats to be from 30 to 40 per cent less than other dealers charge for the same grade of goods.

Buhler, as Vinicius, will again appear. The part of Chilo this season is being played by Robert McWade, a sterling actor and the role of Lygia, is in the hands of Dallas Tyler, a young, pretty and talented actress. There will be four matinees, viz., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The "Bon Ton Burlesquers" have been filling the Standard, since Sunday last, with well-pleased audiences. Md'le Dazzia with her coryphees in a new ballet, Byron and Langdon, Shepne and Warden, Gladys Van and Barrett Brothers, with Viola Sheldon the singer, make up a very strong combination of fun-makers. Commencing with the matinee, on Sunday, September 30th, the "High Rollers," said to be one of the best of their kind on the road, will appear. Their fame precedes them and insures crowded houses throughout the engagement.

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh street.

## LANDLORDS!

We have demand for houses from renters. Property placed in our hands will have careful attention.

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It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. **STOP CHEWING!** NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$3.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.



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### BLACK DRESS GOODS.

- 50-inch all-wool Camel's-hair Cheviot and Whipcord; bought to sell at \$1.00, now.....52c
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### COLORED DRESS GOODS.

- All-wool Homespun Suiting in gray, brown, blue and Oxford mixtures, bought to sell at 75c, now.....40c
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- 54-inch all-wool English Tweeds, suitable for suits and skirts; bought to sell at \$1.25, now.....50c
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- 54-inch Camel's-hair Venetian Cloth, best value ever offered, newest shades; bought to sell at \$1.50, now.....78c
- 56-inch Plaid Back Golf Cloth, the best value ever offered, including all the most desirable shades; bought to sell at \$2.25, now.....\$1 39

## Flannels and Cloths.

- All-wool Red Twill flannel, were 20c, now.....15c
- All-wool Homespun Shirting, were 30c, now.....25c
- Wool Skirt Patterns, were \$1.00, now.....69c
- 56-inch Fancy Cloths for Children's Jackets and Reefers, were \$1.50, now.....\$1 00
- 56-inch Large Scotch Fancy Plaid Rain Cloth, were \$2.25, now.....\$1 75
- 54-inch Boucle in Brown and Black mixture, were \$1.00, now.....80c

## Millinery Departm't

Second Floor.

### The Very Latest in Millinery Materials.

Jet is decidedly in it.

Steel Buckles 4 to 8 inches long.

Gold and Steel Ornaments are used extensively.

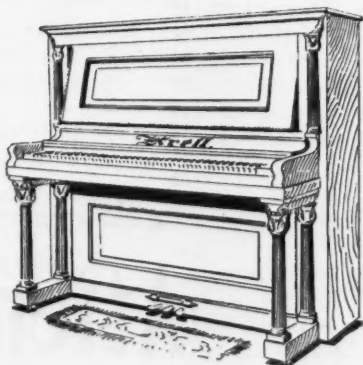
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Outing Hats, with white and black pompons "a la militaire," are the thing for just now.

Pheasants' breasts, Amazon plumes, fancy quills and plumes made of coque's feathers, are leading feather ornaments.

Owls' heads look down from the front of small Toques. The wings of the bird of wisdom droop at the sides.

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Do you know that D. Crawford & Co. sell the very best grades of Pianos at figures in keeping with their well-known policy of "The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices." In their very beautiful display will be found instruments that excel in point of style, construction, finish and tone, any others in the market for which double the price is asked. It will be to your interest to see the Mason & Hamlin, Krell, Royal and Crawford Pianos before making a final selection.

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Special Cut Prices to Start  
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- 20-inch All-Silk Armure, bought to sell at 85c, now.....58c
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- 22-inch All Pure Silk French Peau de Soie, ought to sell at \$1.39, now.....92½c
- Fancy Silk, with satin stripe, very nobby, bought to sell at \$1.75, now.....\$1 29
- Fancy Novelties in French Silks, suitable for ladies' waists, our own importation, confined styles, bought to sell at \$2.50, now.....\$1 69

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Ladies' Heavy Cloth Rainy day Skirts, stitched seven times on bottom of skirt, new style pleats in back, comes in black and oxford; bought to sell at \$5.75, our price.....\$3.25

Ladies' Very Stylish Tailor-made Suits made of the very best quality of All-wool Venetian Cloth; latest style short jacket, with large scalloped revers and coat collar; jacket faced with guaranteed satin and lined with same grade; colors tan, castor, black and pearl gray, would be a bargain at \$27.50, our price.....\$18.50

Ladies' Fall Weight Tan Covert Cloth Jackets, finished with strap seams, lined with Silk Romaine, a very stylish jacket; worth \$9.50, our price.....\$5.75

Ladies' Very Fine Taffeta Silk Skirts made with two graduated flare flounces on which a very handsome design is appliqued in silk and net, a regular \$22.50 skirt, our price.....\$14.98

We are showing all the latest styles in Blouse Suits, all made with the new style flare skirts, prices from.....\$12.50 to \$31.50



## WHERE HE SPENT SUNDAY.

My husband's favorite anecdote, says Mrs. Blouet, in *Answers*, is one that turns upon his favorite subject—the amazing ignorance of one nation concerning another. He tells the story in this way.

"Being invited to take part in a meeting convened in a church in an important American town for the purpose of discussing how Sunday should be spent, I consented to go—not to tell the meeting how the day ought to be passed, but to say a few words about how it is spent in Paris.

"The proceedings opened with prayer, after which followed an anthem. When it was over an influential inhabitant of the town rose and ascended the pulpit stairs.

"From that commanding eminence he proceeded to attack all non-Sabbatarians, specially singling out my compatriots. 'I spent one Sunday in Paris, and was shocked at the sights of low immorality everywhere.'

"I had never heard my poor, dear country pitched into so. The speaker glared at me as I sat quite harmless in my pew.

"When he had said his say I was asked to speak, and never did I feel more eager to be heard.

"Having reached the exalted rostrum, I told the congregation how sorry I was that their townsman should have had such a bad time in Paris, but I thought that had he spent Sunday in some respectable place he would have been spared all those shocks. Pulling a very long face and picking out Mr. Johnson (for such was his name) with my eye, 'Where did my friend spend that Sunday in Paris?' I asked. 'In the Louvre, that is crowded with Parisians of all grades every Sunday—honest folk who feast their eyes on glorious creations of the great masters? He would have seen no immorality there. There are concerts every Sunday afternoon, where music by the best musicians is listened to with rapt attention by masses of quiet, respectable Parisians.

"Did our friend patronize one of these concerts, he would have seen no immorality there. Where did he go? We all know that great whites have their black spots, and if you make careful inquiries you can find them out, no doubt. It is evident to me that our friend did not spend that Sunday in church, though we have churches in Paris. Where did he go?"

"I came down from the pulpit, while about twenty men, forgetting, I am afraid, that they were in church, rose in the seats and asked: 'Mr. Johnson, where did you go?'

"Three years later I again visited that American city, and I was told that Mr. Johnson decided to try for election to the Senate, and one day, after he had been addressing a meeting of the electors, these latter were asked if there were any questions they would like to put to the candidate. From a hundred pair of lips at once came the question: 'Where did you spend that Sunday in Paris?'

## THE WRONG ONE.

Mrs. Briske:—"Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?"

Little Johnny (stopping his play):—"Yes'm He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head, and said it was a very serious case, and he left this paper, and said he'd call again before night."

Mrs. Briske:—"Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.—Tit-Bits.

## DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



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Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

## BUYING A FAN.

Miss Katharine Lee Bates, who spent some months in Spain last year, declares that the dark-eyed damsel of the fan and lace mantilla are quite as charming as tradition has pictured them. Ignorant they commonly are, their education being of the most meagre, but they are not dull. They are quick-witted, high-spirited, and affectionate, and are possessed of a grace of speech and manner which rarely deserts them. Nor do they reserve their pretty ways only for the ball-room or the parlor; even ordinary shopping is lifted into a scene of elegant comedy by the manner in which it is transacted. This is how a Spanish senorita bargains for her fan. There is nothing sordid about it. Her haggling is a social condescension that at once puts the black-eyed young salesman at her mercy.

"But the fan seems to me the least bit dear, senor!"

He shrugs his shoulders and flings out his arm in protest.

"Ah, senorita! You do not see how beautiful the work is. I am giving it away at six pesetas."

She lifts her eyebrows half incredulously, all bewitchingly.

"At five pesetas, senor?"

He runs his hand through his black hair in chivalrous distress.

"But the peerless work, senorita! And this other, too, I sacrifice it at four pesetas."

She touches both fans lightly.

"You will let us have the two at seven pesetas, senor?"

Her eyes dance over his confusion. He catches the gleam, laughs back, throws up his hands,

"Bueno, senorita! At what you please!"

And the senorita trips away contented with a sharp bargain, although—for Spanish gallantry, even when genuine, goes farther on the lips than otherwise—the price was probably not much more remote from what pleased the smooth-tongued clerk than from what she pleased.—*Youth's Companion*.

## How This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINNAW & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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I am now ready to receive payment of CURRENT  
REVENUE TAX BILLS for 1900.

All persons paying same during the month of September  
will be allowed a rebate on their CITY TAXES at the rate of  
8% per annum.

CHAS. F. WENNEKER,

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THE OLD RELIABLE.  
MATTHEWS'  
DYE AND CLEANING WORKS  
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314 OLIVE STREET.

## BOOKS TALKED ABOUT.

The Master Christian, Marie Corelli, \$1.20; Misanti Anthony Hope, \$1.20; Penetentia, Louis How, \$1.00; With Hoops of Steel, Kelly, \$1.20; Redemption of David Carson, C. F. Goss, \$1.20; Reign of Law, James Lane Allen, \$1.20; Unleavened Bread, Grant Allen, \$1.20; Deacon Bradbury, Edwin Asa Dix, \$1.20; My New Curate Sheehan, \$1.25, JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.



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| Ar. Terre Haute   | 12:59 pm         | 4:27 pm          | 1:50 am          |
| " Indianapolis    | 2:50 pm          | 6:10 pm          | 4:05 am          |
| " Cincinnati      | 6:00 pm          | 9:05 pm          | 7:30 am          |
| " Dayton          | 6:15 pm          | 10:23 pm         | 9:53 am          |
| " Cleveland       | 10:10 pm         | 1:50 am          | 2:30 pm          |
| " Buffalo         | 2:55 am          | 6:18 am          | 7:30 pm          |
| Ar. Niagara Falls | 7:00 am          | 8:45 am          | 8:15 pm          |
| " NEW YORK        | 2:55 pm          | 6:00 pm          | 8:00 am          |
| Ar. BOSTON        | 4:50 pm          | 9:05 pm          | 10:34 am         |

## EQUIPMENT.

- No. 16.** THROUGH SLEEPERS { St. Louis to New York.  
and DINING CARS, { St. Louis to Boston.  
PARLOR CARS, { St. Louis to Cincinnati.  
**No. 18.** THROUGH SLEEPERS { St. Louis to New York.  
and DINING CARS, { St. Louis to Cincinnati.  
LIBRARY CARS, { St. Louis to Washington, D. C.  
CAFE CARS, { St. Louis to New York.  
**No. 36.** THROUGH SLEEPERS { St. Louis to New York.  
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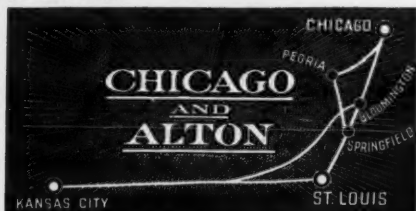
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